

MAINE FARMER AND MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

WILLIAM NOYES,
Publisher.

Saturday Morning,
December 2, 1813.

PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY AT PORTLAND AND WINTHROP.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

EZEKIEL HOLMES,
FRANCIS O. J. SMITH, } Editors.

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ed three weeks at one half these rates.

Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest acceptation
of the word.—Talleyrand.



MAINE FARMER.

Particular Notice.

The subscriber having sold the Maine Farmer,
and after publishing four more numbers, his con-
nection with the paper ceases, now calls upon all
subscribers who are in arrears for payment. Those
indebted for job-work or advertising are also called
upon to make immediate payment. Those living at
a distance can send through the Post Masters of the
towns in which they live free of postage.

The subscriber hopes this call will be attended
to by each and every subscriber who is indebted
forthwith, for he is satisfied that it will be better for
him, and he knows that it will be a great deal better
for those indebted to heed well this call.

Subscribers in this and the adjoining towns are
particularly requested to call, and if they cannot pay
now, settle their accounts, as I am much more de-
sire of settling them myself than having

—Esq. settle them for me. It will be cheaper
for you—depend upon it.

WILLIAM NOYES.

Bommer's Manure.

Our farmers, generally, know that Mr. Bommer
obtained a patent for manufacturing manure by a
peculiar mode of fermenting straw, leaves, and other
vegetable matters. We obtained a right of him
last spring with an intention of putting it to the
test, and ascertaining the facts in regard to it; but
circumstances beyond our control have prevented
our doing this, yet we have no doubt that his mode
is a successful one, it being based upon well tried
and known laws of chemical science. The only
question in our mind, is in regard to its economy
in our section of country. We have recently re-
ceived from Mr. Barnett, agent of Mr. Bommer, a
new publication, elucidating Bommer's method of
making manure in a much more clear and satisfac-
tory way than in his first publication. We shall ex-
amine this work more carefully and make a review
of it. If peat can be fermented in as short a time
as other vegetable matters and at a cost that will
come within a reasonable range it will be quite an
acquisition. We are aware that there is a preju-
dice against patents, but if it is right to grant pa-
tents to mechanics for their inventions, certainly the
man, who, by long study and research discovers a
good mode of manufacturing refuse matter into
manure in a short time, thereby making a saving of
time and expense, is deserving of some right and
title to his discoveries.

CORN MEAL KILN DRIED FOR PROVIDER, &c.
We see complaints in some parts of the far
and fertile West that, although they raise Indian
corn by the thousand and ten thousand bushels with
great ease, yet it is not profitable to them on account
of the great supply and their distance to market.
Now if they would take the pains to grind their
corn and thoroughly kiln dry the meal, it might be
transported in barrels to the ends of the earth in
good condition. Why would it not be a good plan
to crack it coarsely and then kiln dry it, pack it in
barrels for provender. By being thus opened it
would dry more easily, and probably preserved.
Are there no Yankees there to try the project?
If not, we'll send along a "raft" of them to do it.

Horses.

We believe that the breed of horses in Maine is
rather degenerating. There does not seem to be
the right kind of spirit abroad in regard to this spe-
cies of stock. Our farmers are very prone to go
into extremes. Not many years ago there was too
much of a horse mania. Now there is not enough.
Formerly every farmer bent his whole energy and
strength to the raising of horses, and now there is
hardly spirit enough to raise as many good ones as
will supply the demand. It is true that horses are
"cheap," and one reason is, the most of those offered
for sale ought to be cheap, for they are not of the
kind to command a high price. Good horses are as
good demand as ever and will bring as much as
ever in the market. Would not a medium course
be better? Raise horses enough for the market and
raise good ones—none but the best. To do this,
breeders should be of the first quality. No atten-
tion is paid to pedigree. If a man has a stud he
finds out what breed has been most popular in the
region where he is to stand for the season, and his
horse is sure to be of the choicest stock from that
celebrated horse. So he is a Messenger this year
—a Duroc next—an Eclipse next—a Morgan Rat-
ter next, and so on through all the chapters of the
Register, provided he lives long enough and stands
in places enough to use them all up. A little more
care and a little more taste and a little more judg-
ment and common sense in this business would make

an essential odds in the profits of this branch of
trade. As carried on now, it must be a loss. At
all times, or at any time, we do not consider it the
most profitable branch of stock raising, because of
the great risk and the length of time it takes for a
horse to come to maturity. But as we cannot get
along without horses and must have them, let us
have good ones.

GUANO.—There is a substance found on the west
coast of South America and many of the islands of
the South Pacific Ocean called Guano, which is a
powerful manure. It is supposed to be produced
by the numerous flocks of birds which frequent
those shores. If this be the case, why can it not
be found on the coast of Labrador which is almost
covered with sea fowl part of the year?

It is worth looking up. It is getting to be quite
an article of commerce now, and ships are sent on
purpose to load with it.

SEE TO YOUR SHEEP.—The success of your fu-
ture flocks depends altogether upon your care and
attention in crossing with suitable bucks, at this
time of year, and in the condition in which your
flocks come to the barn. If they begin the winter
well, they will stand a much better chance to go
through well. See to them carefully.

BOSTON MUSICAL ACADEMY.—Some friend has
sent us the last report of the Boston Academy of
Music, by which we see that they are still active in
improving and cultivating the science of sweet
sounds. Though very fond of music, we are no
practitioner in the business, and can only pride our-
self in being a capital listener. Of course, we are
always glad to have something worth listening to,
and therefore wish the Academy the utmost success.

What I have seen.

I have seen a farmer who devotes so much of his
time and attention to the profitable business of
holding up village posts and lazy-poles, that his
own fences, for the want of a small share of his
time and a very little assistance, have fallen to the
ground.

I have seen a farmer who was so prodigally sel-
fish and stingy, that he cut down and destroyed all
his best fruit-trees, which bore most delicious fruit,
just because some rogues occasionally
"hooked" a small quantity of the fruit—thereby
depriving himself and family of a great luxury, to
punish a few "small rascals."

I have seen an "old bachelor" farmer, who owns
an excellent farm, and has hundreds of dollars in
specie hid away in an old dusty chest, who has
such a desperate antipathy for the "fair sex," that
he will scarcely admit that his own good mother is
a woman; and whenever he chances to meet one of
these "ministering angels," he invariably exhibits
his back-side. I once saw this odd genius sur-
rounded by a troop of females, and oh! how he
squirmed and thrashed about! He put me in mind
of an eel, taken out of cool water and thrown upon
hot sand.

I have seen a practical, scientific farmer, who
produces large and good crops of grain, keeps first
rate cows, makes the very best quality of butter
and cheese, but who has a singular idea and practice in
the way of rearing porkers, preferring a large num-
ber rather than a large size, and seldom, if ever,
rears one that will weigh over two hundred pounds.
One of his neighbors tells the following story.
He says that this gentleman's flocks of swine were ac-
cidentally left out in the hog-yard over night, and
that before morning they were entirely covered
over with snow, so that not one of them could be
seen; and that the only process by which they
could be found and caught, was by scraping the
snow into a heap, and then running it through a
coarse sieve, the most of the pigs being too large
to pass through the meshes.

I have seen a young farmer, commencing life
under most propitious circumstances, having a new
house erected and his farm well stocked by a kind
and aged father, with a lovely, industrious, econo-
mic and intelligent wife, residing within a few
miles of a pleasant village and numerous relatives
and friends, and yet in less than ten years, by sheer
negligence, idleness, consummate and unpardonable
laziness, he run out all his property, and was obliged
to quit the farm and go to a neighboring State, and
there work out by the day to gain a livelihood.

I have seen a young mechanic bid farewell to the
shop, run in debt for 75 or 100 acres of land, a few
acres only under cultivation, and in six years, by
persevering and untiring industry, rigorous economy
and very little assistance from his father, he built
him a small but neat cottage, a medium sized barn,
reared a small stock of cattle, paid for the most if
not all the land, is clear from debt, and the best of
the joke is, a few weeks since he married a bloom-
ing, blushing, healthy, rosy-cheeked damsel, and a
farmer's daughter, too. He knew where to go for a
good wife!

I have seen a farmer who was so fearful that his
scythe, sickles and hoes would become rusty, that
he always hung them in an apple-tree, exposed to
rain and sunshine; and for the same good and con-
siderate reason, left his ploughs, harrows, chains,
axes, &c., out in the open air.

I have seen a farmer who was and is so generous,
open-hearted, liberal, and uncommonly polite and
good-natured, that he always has some half-dozen
loafing, mean, contemptible, dis-interested "cousins"
or friends, around him, eating at his bounteous and
luxurious table, and drinking his rich wines and
refreshing cider; and yet these scheming, cunning
vagabonds, or walking pestilences in the shape of
human beings, could not, would not raise a finger
to ameliorate this man's condition, were he in
trouble and distress.

I have seen farmers (and to their shame be it
spoken) as well as persons of other classes, sub-
scribe for, receive and read a newspaper for two or
three years in succession, and when called upon by

the printer to liquidate the debt thus incurred, inform
him that they had not the means, and that they only
took the "miserable sheet" to encourage him!

Winthrop, Nov., 1843. JERE.

NOTE.—Right. "Go it JERE."—Ed.

Transplanting Fruit Trees.

MA. EDITOR.—I am very desirous of transplan-
ting some fruit trees into an orchard, this autumn or
in the spring. My land is warm and rather dry.
In the works which have read on the subject, it is
recommended to use a plenty of rich loam; but
this is an article of which I have but little to spare.
I have, however, a plenty of good soil, and I
would like to know whether there will be a good
substitute for loam, and how I can prepare them
for use this autumn or in the spring. If you
can make some suggestions in your paper this week
upon the subject, you will oblige one interested
subscriber, at least to your paper. C.
Uxbridge, October 14, 1843.

WE should not recommend our correspond-
ent to use his peat or mud as a substitute
for loam in its crude state, as we think it would
have a deleterious effect, instead of a good one.
It has a compost of one-third good manure and
two-thirds peat or mud, well decomposed, mixed
with an equal proportion of any good soil, the man-
ure applied to the roots of the trees with good suc-
cess. Or it will do very well to use nothing but the
surface of the surrounding soil. The hole for the trees
should not be dug more than a foot deep; the bot-
tom soil should be thrown out and spread, and the
hole filled in with a little soil, say two or three
inches deep—and after cutting off the tap root and
the trees are set in the spring, the soil should be
the tree should be put in its place, throwing in the
earth lightly, and at the same time arranging the
small fibres and roots, and giving a little motion to
the tree up and down, that every crevice may be
filled up. If the tree is planted too deep, it will
not do well. We have seen an orchard, part of
which was planted on the surface without digging
searcely, the soil having been brought to the
surface. This was an rather low ground, and the trees
have succeeded remarkably well. The remainder
of the orchard was planted very near the surface,
and has done finely.

We planted more than a thousand trees last
spring; with part of them we used rotten manure
freely mixed with loam, and a part of them we set
with the soil alone. Those with the soil had the
advantage of being planted a fortnight earlier, and
have made a fine growth, notwithstanding the very
unfavorable season, and appear now to better ad-
vantage than those where manure was used. No
doubt the manure and the dry season did not agree;
we have, however, lost but very few of them.

It was our former practice to secure the tree by
driving down a stake and fastening the tree to it—
but we have long since condemned that practice as
a great nuisance, as the tree will oftentimes get
badly injured by its being struck in the stem.
It is often asked, when is the best time to set out
trees—in the autumn or spring? On some accounts
we prefer the autumn, and recommend fall planting
for the apple, pear, plum, and all hardy trees, having
been as successful ourselves when we planted in the
fall as in the spring. A little more caution,
however, is necessary in some particulars, than when
the trees are set in the spring. If, then, the ground
is in readiness, we should plant in the fall. If
the ground has been well manured, and a crop of
roots has been taken off, we consider it in a fit state
to set out trees, more especially if the subsoil plow
has been used. In gardens, for choice fruit, the
ground should be trenched two spades deep.

One of the advantages of planting in the fall, is
that it is generally a season of more leisure, after
the harvesting is over, than in the spring, when, on
account of the very short time that the farmer has
to prepare for spring operations, he is so hurried that
the proper season for planting his trees is often
suffered to pass without his accomplishing what he
purposed to do, or he puts it off until the trees he
intended to transplant, have commenced growing—
so that he either does not set them out, or if he
does, it is so late, and under such circumstances,
that he might as well have done nothing about it.

Another reason why we advise fall planting is,
because the earlier in the spring the tree is planted
after the ground is open, the sooner it will be pre-
pared to throw out new fibres from the roots, and
consequently will break sooner into life and vigor;
and as many grounds cannot be conveniently
worked in early spring, it is better to have the tree
in its place in the fall, provided it will not receive
injury from the severity of the winter.

That the tree may not suffer by the frost, we are
careful that earth should be brought up round it
a number of inches in depth, so that water may not
settle in among the roots, and a few inches of sea-
weed or coarse litter thrown around it, which, with
the extra earth, must be taken off in the spring. If
straw or any other covering is put up close to the
butt, the snow will settle in, and injure the tree; so
that we do not let the protective covering
touch the tree, but fill up the space with a shovel-
ful of soil.

As soon as the leaves begin to fall, the trees may
be transplanted, and the work be continued as long
as the ground remains open. [N. E. Farmer.

To have Good Crops.

Farmers are apt to place too much dependence
upon manure, supposing that if they apply that in
sufficient quantity nothing else is required of
them. This error is, of course, of equally evil
tendency to that of using no manure at all; but I
was almost ready to say it was not very much less
so. If the soil be not properly prepared for its re-
ception, and if the manure be not properly made,
preserved and applied, it will matter little whether
the "manure heap" resembled a mountain or a mole-
hill. But it cannot be expected that the minute
details of the practice involved in all this, can be
given in the space afforded by any periodical.
One great point is to cultivate no more land than
you can cultivate well, both as to labor and manure.
If you have more land and less money and labor,
than you can use with full effect, turn a portion of
land into money by selling it, and apply the pro-
ceeds to the improvement of that retained. Thus
reduce the size of your farm to the capacity of your
efficient force—labor and money—instead of try-
ing to extend your stunted forces over too wide a
surface, and thus weakening them and destroying
their efficiency. The second principle is, to put
your soil into good condition, by liming, deep plow-
ing, manuring, and correcting its proportions of
clay and sand when practicable. All land, in my
opinion, will be greatly benefited by the application
of lime. Some requires more, some less, to pro-
duce the same result, but all lands require it as a
constituent of the soil. You will find lime most
active on red lands, but it is useful on all lands.

Deep plowing is, in my opinion, essential to suc-
cessful farming. If you have a thin soil, by deep
plowing, liming and manuring, you will in a very
few years, secure a deep soil. Even though you
do turn up a portion of blue clay with your four-
horse plow, don't be frightened at the sight of it.
It is better to have blue clay mixed in a deep soil,
than a hard pan of it under a thin one. But if you
find too much clay thus turned up, correct its stiff-
ness by carting sand upon it, and mixing it with
the clay. A cart load of sand is often of more
value to a soil than the same quantity of manure.
Reverse the process, if any portion of the land be
too sandy—carry clay to it, and thus stiffen it.
The advantage of deep plowing is almost in-
calculable. It will ultimately make a deep soil, and a
deep soil is essential to a good crop in any season.
The roots of the plants strike deeply into it, instead
of spreading out horizontally near the surface, as they
are compelled to do in a thin soil, and are thus
secured from the effects of drought. The rain
soaks into a deep soil, and is thus preserved to the
plant. Now I would like to know whether there will
be a good substitute for loam, and how I can prepare them
for use this autumn or in the spring. If you
can make some suggestions in your paper this week
upon the subject, you will oblige one interested
subscriber, at least to your paper. C.
Uxbridge, October 14, 1843.

under evaporated, or stands on the surface, doing
little good in the former case, and absolute injury
in the latter. I should not only plow deep, but I
should follow in the furrow of the four-horse plow
with a good subsoil plow, and this with the
liming, judicious manuring and proper rotation, I
should calculate upon as my security for a good
crop, always. I believe this practice to be not only
the best preventive of winter-killing and injury
from drought, but also of injury from the fly. By
this practice you secure a robust constitution to the
plant, and, of consequence, thus enable it to with-
stand, without harm, the pressure upon the sap ves-
sels occasioned by the fly-see pupa of the fly, as it
becomes embedded in its surface. In illustration
of the good effects of deep plowing, I will refer to
the practice of garden culture. Who ever doubted
that deep spading—even two or three spits deep—
was not only useful, but necessary to success?
And in what does a garden differ from a farm?
Is size—nothing else.

Manure cannot always be obtained, nor can
enough be made by every one for the whole farm.
But a vast amount may be obtained and made, more
than is now usually done. By a little management,
the manure now made may be increased in value,
without increase of quantity. Properly constructed
manure pits should be prepared, with shed roofs to
protect their contents from the effects of rain and
sunshine. All manure should be deposited in the
pits well fresh—before the rain has washed away its
salts, or the heat of the sun evaporated its vola-
tile principles. Every kind of vegetable
and animal offal should be thrown into the manure pits.
The pits should be so situated near the barn or
stable, that they would receive the urine of all
the animals. There should be two pits, that the
contents of one might be digesting, while the other
was receiving materials. The mode of preparing
the manure, time of applying it to the land, the
quantity to be applied to the acre, the mode of ap-
plication, &c. &c., are, and of necessity must be,
left to the discretion of the farmer. There is, how-
ever, one kind of manure that I think is too much
neglected, and it is the only one that can be
made available. I allude to turning in green crops.
Turning in a clover lay for this purpose, is common
enough; but I think the object may be attained
more quickly by turning in crops of corn sown
broadcast. Two, if not three crops of corn, could
be grown and turned in, in the course of a season.
This kind of manure should afford all the benefit
of which it is capable, the land should have been
previously limed; or, if not previously done, a good
dressing of lime should be turned in with the young
corn.

General principles suit all, and the details of their
application must be varied to suit each particular
case. In conclusion, theoretical knowledge is in-
valuable to a farmer, as it is to all other professions,
but it requires practical knowledge, intelligent per-
severance, and untiring industry, to carry out its
principles and produce their full effects.
[Farmers' Cabinet.] GIDEON B. SMITH.

Rotation of Crops.—Renovation of
Grass Lands.
MA. EDITOR.—In your last Ploughman you state
the doctrine very decidedly, that Potatoes will not
do well succeeding a crop of the same sort. I
have never had opportunity to try the experiment to
my satisfaction; but I have entertained a "notion"
that if the field were naturally suitable for that
crop, all that was wanted to insure success was a
little more manure. A very intelligent Irishman
once worked with me, of whom I sought information
as to the method of culture in his country, so
world-renowned for its good potatoes. He stated
that it was a common practice there to turn over
the soil, and plant potatoes two years, manuring well
the first year, and that usually a more abundant
crop was obtained the second year, without manure,
not counting for a succession of years without a
greater output for manure than would be necessary
where a regular rotation was the order. Will not
some one who has good potato land, and who has
tried the experiment, give the result?

When I was in Concord, the other day, at the
Agricultural Exhibition, I happened to hear two
gentlemen discuss the subject of feeding the stock
from mowing lands. One of them stated the case
of a lot of 22 acres which, recently on passing into
the hands of the present owner, yielded but sixteen
tons of hay, or half a ton to the acre, the first year.
The after-growth was left to rot on the field—no
great quantity one might be excused for guessing,
on land yielding but half a ton of hay. Well, the
second year gave twenty tons; the third twenty-four,
I think it was—at any rate, there was a regular
rapid increase in the quantity of hay, till now it
amounts to about fifty tons. And this result ob-
tained by merely having the after-growth for a top-
dressing. No other top-dressing, no other means
whatever, were used to improve the land. Now I
wish to inquire, Mr. Editor, if this is not a very
remarkable case. Do such marked results usually
follow a similar course? If so, the folly of cutting
the rowen, with scythe or cattle's teeth, must be
apparent to every experienced, observing farmer.
Why then do so many persist in so ruinous a prac-
tice? But perhaps, (and I am inclined to believe
this), all land will not show so decided an improve-
ment from the mere omission to cut the rowen.—
Indeed I have known land that needed frequent
top-dressing, to keep up its fertility, even when the
rowen was left to decay on the field. And I confess
I have still some remaining doubts whether on hard
upland, where the cattle's feet will do no harm, the
after-growth may not be of more value to feed off
than to decay on the surface. Have you, Sir, any
facts in store that may serve to remove the doubts
of a novice? M.

Our intelligent correspondent, who lives
near this city, has touched upon subjects that have
often been discussed, yet farmers still disagree as
to results; we must make great allowance for vari-
ous soils.

In regard to fall feeding of mowing grounds,
there has long been a prevalent notion that if we
keep the cattle away and suffer all the after-growth
to lie rot, the harvest will not be diminished by
time. A wealthy farmer in Winslow, (Maine),
many years ago, tried this plan, and we have known
others to try. We have now a half acre of
mowing ground, in our own garden, which was
mown for a number of years in succession, and

mown but once each year, without feeding. Yet
the harvest diminished from year to year, and last
year we ploughed it, turning the furrows flat, and
laid it again to grass. Not this lot only, but all the
lots that we have ever noticed, will run out, or bind
out, unless top-dressings are often applied; and if
the land is low and wet, coarse and sour grasses
will creep in, even with top-dressings.

We object to feeding mowing grounds close, in
the fall; for if the soil is left bare the frosts operate
unfavorably, and the spring rains dry off too rapidly
for the benefit of the new growth. Showers in
May are not retained on the surface half so long,
as when there is a quantity of vegetable matter on
the surface.

It is not at all the rowen which will obstruct
the scythe the next season, and it often makes a
harbor for mice. The rowen makes excellent fall
feed, and we cannot well do without it. When it
is not mown off we like to see it trampled down and
fed down, unless the land is wet and pochy; and
that which is trampled down close will be of much
more service to the next crop than that which stands
erect.

We have long since come to the conclusion that
it is not good policy, in any part of the country, to
exclude entirely our stock from our mowing fields.
If we live near large markets we want the rowen
for our milk cows; and if we live far in the interior
we need it for cows or for fattening stock.
They will afford us the means of a top-dressing, or
of a dressing on the furrow when we plough for
the purpose of re-seeding.

In regard to continuing potatoes from year to
year on the same land, there is now not much dif-
ference of opinion among farmers in any quarter of
New England; yet this crop may be retained
longer on a clay soil than on our sandy loams. We
lived for ten years on the banks of the Kennebec
river and raised many potatoes for market. In that
region potatoes are more liable to be injured by
rust than in Massachusetts, and we have often
taken notice that rust was much more prevalent
when the land was planted a second year with po-
tatoes.

Farmers in New Hampshire and Vermont, who
have raised largely for the distilleries, agree on this
point. In Rhode Island and in the valley of the
Connecticut, we have often conversed with farmers
on this subject, and we find but little difference of
opinion among them.

It is a country well adapted to the potato,
and we should not be surprised to find good crops
there for two years in succession; even here the
second harvest may prove the greater of the two
when the manure is ploughed under the sod about
the time of planting the first year's potatoes.

English writers have often told us that they have
whole districts where which will not now bear po-
tatoes, though formerly large harvests were obtained.
We believe their farmers seldom want the same
ground twice in succession. [Mass. Ploughman.

Orange County Butter Making.
Goshen butter, made in Orange county, this
State, is celebrated the world over as being
of superior quality, and is much in demand
if not everywhere, as everywhere it is in the United
States. It undoubtedly owes its reputation in a
measure to the careful manner in which it is made;
the food of the cows, however, from which the milk
is concocted, has something to do with it, as the
pastures in the best districts of Orange county
abound with sweet grass and white clover, which
unquestionably are great requisites to ensure sweet
butter. We took the opportunity during two recent
trips to this county, to visit several of its dairies,
and make ourselves as well acquainted with the
process of butter-making here as our time would
allow. Those the most complete which passed
under our inspection, we found upon the farms of
Frederick J. Betts, Esq., of Newburgh, and General
Wickham of Goshen. As we took full notes of
the latter establishment, our description will apply
more particularly to this.

The cows are regularly salted and kept in good
pasture during summer; in the winter, each one by
itself in a stall, with a separate door to it, in a
building containing two sides of a square, round a
large commodious yard. The lower side of the
barn is appropriated for the stables, the upper part
for hay and fodder. General Wickham has several
dairy establishments; the most perfect is that
within two miles of Goshen, numbering 40 cows.
These are brought up to the yard night and morn-
ing, and regularly milked. The outer paling of
the yard extends only about 50 feet from the farm-
house. Here, right opposite the farm-house, is
placed a tunnel, into which the milk is poured as
fast as a pailful is obtained from the cows. A short
perpendicular tin pipe connects the tunnel with a
horizontal one, which is buried two feet under the
ground out of the way of foot, and leads into the
cellar of the house. When the milking operation
is going on, a woman stands in the cellar with
empty pails placed under the end of the horizontal
tube, which, as fast as filled, she sets away upon a
cattle bottom. Here the milk stands till it becomes
lapped and soured, as it is said to make more but-
ter in this state than in any other, and of a better
quality. It is now poured, cream and all into the
churns, which hold about one barrel each. If the
weather be cool, and the milk not sufficiently warm
to come readily, can be filled with hot water, and
this is placed in the milk in the churn, and stirred
until it reaches a temperature of from 55 to 60
degrees. A small water-power is now applied to
the churns, the handles of which are moved up and
down on the same principle as in Fig. 53, No. 8, of
this periodical. Where water-power cannot be
had, a dog, goat, calf, or sheep is used; and the
best power for an animal is Fig. 54 of the present
No. Water-power, however, is to be preferred, as
it is the most steady, and according to the good
housewife's notion, who certainly ought to be au-
thority on these subjects, it produces the best butter.
When the butter has come, the power is stopped,
and a pump is rigged into the churn; the handle of
this instrument is then attached to the power, and
the butter-milk pumped up into a reservoir just
outside of the cellar, standing on a level with the
ground. From this the butter-milk is conducted by
means of a tin pipe about 100 feet to another reser-
voir close by the piggery, from which the milk is
dipped out in buckets, and fed to the pigs; so that
everything almost, moves of its own accord or by
water, from the moment the milk is drawn from the
cows in the yard, till it is churned into butter, and
the butter-milk is concocted itself into pork from
lower these tin tubes is but trifling. The expense
of building a water-wheel, and bringing the water
to it is greater or less according to one's position;
but when a dairy of 40 cows is kept, it is well
worthy of being adopted if not too costly.

After churning, the butter is thoroughly washed
off with cold water; if this be not done, it is diffi-
cult to get the butter-milk clean out of it. As soon
as cool and solid, the butter is taken on to a marble
or smooth stone table, properly salted with
clean, fine salt, and worked over thoroughly with a
wooden ladle or spatula. The hand is never al-
lowed to touch the butter, as it is warm, and softens
it. After being thoroughly worked, half, or full
firkins, made of white oak staves, (the latter hold-
ing about 85 pounds, and the former 40 pounds), are

used for packing it. Previous to packing, the firkin
is well washed inside with cold water, and then
rubbed all around with salt; the butter does not
clean when wanted to be taken out for table use.
It is put down in layers as churned of three or four
inches deep. When the firkin is full, a linen cloth
is placed over the top of the butter, on this about
half an inch of salt, to which a little water is added
so as to form a brine. The firkin is now headed up
and sent to market. Mr. Betts thinks if the butter
be destined for shipping, stone jars with covers
would be preferable to firkins for packing, and his
opinion coincides with our own.

In butter-making, a good cellar is a very im-
portant consideration; indeed, without one, it is almost
impossible to produce good butter. The cellar
should be about 7 feet deep; 18 inches of which
should be above the level of the ground, for the
purpose of having windows in it for ventilation.
These should be open at all times, and instead of
glass be made of fine wire-gauze, stretched across
the apertures. This prevents the entrance of the
smallest fly or gnat, and yet is no hindrance to the
air. The walls ought to be of stone, and pointed;
the bottom of stone slabs or cobble stone, thickly
plastered with water cement. Made in this manner,
neither rat, nor mouse, nor any other vermin can
find entrance; and the butter, and cream, and milk,
are perfectly protected.

General Wickham's farm-house is one of the
nicest cottages we have lately viewed; with a
pretty yard in front, studded with flowers, and em-
bossed in shrubbery. The piggery, barns, stables,
and yards, are also very complete; and they all
stand close by a wild little stream that runs babbling
on in its clear full course over a pebbly bottom to
the noble Wallkill. Altogether, it is one of the
prettiest models of a dairy establishment we have
ever seen, and a young friend of ours, who accom-
panied us to inspect it, quite forgot his own hand-
some cottage and fine farm, in admiration of that of
General Wickham's.

In a future No., we shall take up the milk dairies
of Orange county, and give a description of the
method of preparing and sending it to this city for
sale. We shall also have many particulars re-
late hereafter of farms which we visited there,
course of cropping, stock, and other matters.

This county is unsurpassed in some respects, and
in consequence of its proximity to a city market,
its course of agriculture varies considerably from
those portions of the State more remote.
[American Agriculturist, N. Y.]

Breeders' Convention.

About forty gentlemen met on Tuesday evening,
at 7 o'clock, October 17th, at the Repository

the 3d Wednesday of January next.

We look upon the establishment of a scale of points, which shall be considered as constituting the criteria of the best breeds of domestic animals, as a very important one; and we hope that it may be well considered, and nothing crude may be put forth as a guide to the public in these matters. Such a report ought to be accompanied with cases of the animals as a whole, and then in separate parts, both inside and out, to elucidate the subject in full, with all the different points numbered and explained. If we do anything less than this, we shall only be repeating what is already as well said in British periodicals as can be. For our own part, as the attention of British breeders is now particularly called to this subject, we would prefer first seeing a report from them. They are more knowledgeable and experienced than we, and more time and wealth to bestow upon it; and after seeing what is done in Great Britain, we shall be prepared to act more understandingly in our own country. We do not say that their criteria should be ours entirely; our climate and wants demand something varying, perhaps, from any part of Europe; and when we have seen what the science of Great Britain decides as constituting perfection, then we can adopt it with such modifications as shall be considered necessary for the different sections of America.

PATHETISM.

A correspondent of the Providence Chronicle says that La Roy Sunderland, editor of the Magnet, is lecturing in that city to crowded audiences upon Pathetism, a term which he has adopted to represent the phenomena which have been known under the terms "mesmerism" and "neurology."

The writer notices one of these upon dreaming, Imagery, Clairvoyance and Second Sight or Ghost-sewing, during which Mr. Sunderland performed several really wonderful experiments.

"He gave what seemed to be a most clear and satisfactory account of some of the laws by which these states are induced, and then, proceeded to bring on those singular phenomena, in such of the audience as might prove to be susceptible. But, it should be understood, that he made no particular selections of persons for this purpose. He brought his process to bear upon the entire assembly; and, notwithstanding the excitement and confusion which proceeded in the vast crowd, it was soon found, that some eight or ten persons were in a state of real somnambulism, and four of them, we were assured, were new subjects, having never been put to sleep before.

The lecturer used no manifestations, and said nothing in particular to either of the patients; and yet, we noticed, that two or three of them left their seats and made their way up to the platform, where he was standing. On one being seated, he put them into a state of trance, which Mr. Sunderland believed to be as real as any that ever occurred. One of the somnambulists, described the angels, and departed spirits, which she saw, and the tones in which she sang and spoke, affected many of the audience, even to tears. Her appearance was truly angelic, while the cause may have been very different to say.

Next, Mr. Sunderland restored one of the patients to wakefulness, and induced that state of mental hallucination, called second sight. And sure enough, the lady with her eyes wide open, arose and stretched her hands towards what she took to be the spirit of her deceased father; and with whom she conversed in a style not easily described. And what was still more remarkable, if possible, at this instant, another lady, who sat near, and one who had not been put to sleep at all, were piercing shrieks, declaring that she also saw the ghost of her deceased sister, and it was some moments before the lecturer was able to compose and quiet her mind."

Mr. Sunderland, we believe, is a clergyman of the Methodist denomination, and has devoted much of his time for several years past to the investigation of the subject of Magnetism. He differs from other magnetizers in regard to the passage of magnetic fluid from the operator into the patient; and the Christian writer says, in the manner in which he professes to induce the state of somnambulism, that adopted heretofore. [Bangor Gazette.

POSTAGE.—The enormous rates of postage at present paid form a burden which bears with such weight on the great body of western farmers as to excite us for complaining of it in a journal devoted to agricultural interests.

There is no division of opinion, we believe, among men of all political parties, that the rates of postage are by far too high. We should make no complaint did we believe the present rates necessary for the revenues of the department. Though even then the question would not be impertinent, whether it would not be better that the revenues of this department should be aided from other sources, than that it should bear with such peculiar weight on those upon whom it bears so hardly as in numberless cases it now does.

The West has a peculiar interest in relation to the subject of postage. The distance at which its inhabitants are obliged to correspond, puts all of the western postage at its highest rates. And such has been the severity of the times, that farmers with large property invested in their farms here, have been often unable to command, for a length of time together, money enough to pay the postage on a letter to an eastern friend. With how much more severity has this been felt by those in humbler circumstances. The poorer classes are often, too, such as that loss of correspondence with friends is the severest of trials.

Can it be doubted, then, that a reduction of postage would be attended with an increase of revenue? We believe that the rates so adjusted that in place of twenty-five cents now exacted, ten cents only were taken, that five letters would go from the West where one goes now. It is cruel to put a tax on correspondence that amounts to an embargo in a case like this. Parents and children would gladly be kept from each other, provided the mails are in the power. The revenues of the Post Office Department in Great Britain have increased with the reduction of their rates of postage. And every reason which would operate there, would operate with equal and in many cases with greater force, here.

The law as it now stands is unequal and capricious. A newspaper, of whatever size, is taxed one cent and a half—while if it be in pamphlet form, although no larger, the postage is nearly doubled. Why not tax according to size, let it be put in whatever form shall best please the patrons and proprietors? Manuscript matter for publication is taxed in the ratio of letter postage; and proof-sheets sent by mail, if altered by the substitution of one word for another, are taxed the whole postage over again. All this is hard and entirely wrong.

Let us have a salutary reduction, with such restrictions as shall be necessary—but let us have a reduction. We hope the friends and mechanics of the West will feel themselves interested, and forward petitions to the proper quarters. If they are ever entitled to be heard, they surely are so in this case. [Prairie Farmer.

Professions and Trades.—From Mr. Adams' address to the members of Cincinnati Bar, who tendered him a complimentary dinner during his late visit to that city, we extract the following paragraphs:

"It is common to say that the professions of the law is the most honorable and most dignified, that can be exercised by man. Possibly some of you may think so. It is possible you may have entered upon the profession with that impression. But that impression is not true. It is believed that the members of the country depend more upon the members of the Bar, than upon any other profession common to man. Yet I do not consider it, in point of dignity, in point of importance, beyond that of the Shoemaker, or the Tailor, or the Housewright, or Mason, or any mechanical profession. I consider it not superior to the profession of the Healer, art, destined to alleviate and remove the physical evils of the human race; far less do I consider it superior to that profession which connects man with the future and with God."

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

An intelligent class can scarcely be as a class, vicious, never, as a class, indolent. * * * The new world of ideas; the new views of the relations of things; the astonishing secrets of the physical properties and mechanical powers disclosed to the well informed mind present attractions, which unless the character is deeply sunk, are sufficient to counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt pleasures.—Everett.

Philosophy in Sport.

(Continued.)
CHAPTER III.

"And now, my dear vicar, have you done? Have you said all you think necessary, in defence of ancient music? If so, hear me; as the advocate of modern harmony. In the first place there is not an anecdote which can be adduced in support of your side of the question, that may not be met with one parallel, and equally strong, in defence of mine. You cite the authority of Plato, to show that the constitution of a state may be affected by changing its national music. What said the great Lord Chatham?—'Give me the making of the national ballads, and I care not who makes the laws; and the effects produced on the English people by Dibdin's songs, fully justified the maxim; but remember, Mr. Twardleton, it was not the music; but the poetry, of those songs, which kindled the patriotic feelings which saved our country; and I apprehend that this has been the case in all ages where the power of music has been said to excite the feelings of the populace. We know that the ancient bards of our own country called forth the emotions of their hearers by the poetry of their songs; and with what success they practised their calling we may imagine from the fact that Edward the First, in his conquest of Wales, had recourse to the barbarous expedient of murdering all the bards, from the many obstacles they threw in his way, by the strong hold which they had over the minds of the people. You have told us a story of Timotheus, and the influence of his harp over a drunken monarch. If this is adduced in proof of the power of ancient music, you must at least, admit that modern times have also had a Timotheus, who could excite or calm, at his pleasure, the most impetuous emotions. Henry III., king of France, says 'Le Journal de Sancy,' having given a concert on occasion of the marriage of the Duke de Joyeuse, a celebrated musician of that period, executed certain airs, which had such an effect on a young nobleman, that he drew sword, and challenged every one near him to combat, but Claudin, equally prudent as Timotheus, instantly changed to an air, *sub Phrygian*, or *Lydian*, I suppose, which appeased the furious youth. But what shall we say of Stradella, the celebrated composer, whose music made the daggers drop from the hands of the assassins? Stradella was attacked by three desperadoes, who had been hired to assassinate him; but fortunately, they had an ear sensible to harmony. While waiting for a favourable opportunity to execute their purpose, they entered the church of St. John de Lateran, during the performance of an oratorio, composed by the person whom they intended to destroy, and were so affected by the music, that they abandoned their design and even waited on the musician to apprise him of his danger. Stradella, however, was not always so fortunate; other assassins, who apparently had no ear for music, stabbed him some time afterwards at Genoa."

"And thus afforded a practical illustration of a passage of Shakespeare," exclaimed the vicar.

"The man that hath no music in himself, Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; The motions of his spirit are dull as night, And his affections dark as Erebus: Let no such man be trusted."

"Are you satisfied?" asked Mr. Seymour; if not, I will proceed to tell you how Palma, a Neapolitan, induced a creditor who came to arrest him, not only to remit his debt, but to contribute a sum for his support. I will also relate an anecdote of Farinelli the actor, who having a pathetic air to sing on the stage to a tyrant who had taken him prisoner, the person who performed the part of the tyrant, and was to have refused his request, was so affected by the music, that he actually melted into tears and clasped the captive in his arms."

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed the vicar. "I see plainly that you believe not in the power of music."

"In that you wrong me. I certainly do not believe that the ancients were better skilled than ourselves in music; and I have been anxious to convince you that there are as many modern as ancient stories, in proof of the influence of harmony over our feelings; but no one will deny that music is capable of producing extraordinary effects. Let us only interrogate ourselves, and examine what our sensations on hearing in majestic or warlike piece of music, or a tender and pathetic air sung or played with expression. Who does not feel that the latter tends as much to melt the soul and dispose it to pleasure, as the former to animate an exalt it? There is a celebrated air in Switzerland, which, I have no doubt, Miss Villers will presently play to us, called '*Ranz des Vaches*,' and which had such an extraordinary effect on the Swiss troops in the French service, that they always fell into a deep melancholy whenever they heard it. Louis XIV., therefore, forbade it ever to be played in France, under the pain of a severe penalty. We are also told of a Scotch air, '*Lochaber no more*,' which has a similar effect on the natives of Scotland. Never shall I forget the effect produced upon myself by the impressive requiem of Jonelli, as performed at the chapel of the Portuguese embassy to the memory of the late king of Portugal. The movement with which it commenced was a deep and hollow murmur, that seemed to swell from the tomb, and with which the voices of spirits imperceptibly rose, and intermingled;—a brilliant movement interposed,—it was a ray of hope, that pierced the gloom of the sepulchre!"

"I think," said Miss Villers, "that I can exactly appreciate the nature and extent of Mr. Seymour's opinion upon the question at issue. He does not deny, the charm which the simple music of the ancients must have exercised over the hearer, although he attributes much of the effect to the poetry, of which it may certainly be said to have been the vehicle; and he evidently concurs with you, Mr. Twardleton in thinking that, owing to the intricate combinations of modern harmony, our astonishment at the execution of the artist

too frequently overcomes the influence of the musical tones upon our passions. I perceive, however, from the expression of our friend's countenance," continued the young lady, "that, like a true antiquary, he clings to his world of ideas; the new views of the relations of things; the astonishing secrets of the physical properties and mechanical powers disclosed to the well informed mind present attractions, which unless the character is deeply sunk, are sufficient to counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt pleasures.—Everett."

I believe then, gentlemen, that the language of modern music is no less forcible and expressive than that of ancient days; and if you will only allow me to exemplify this truth by an experiment, I feel convinced that the vicar will become my proselyte."

"Indeed, madam! Well, I will consent to tread the cause in your hands," said Mr. Twardleton.

"Allow me then to ask you, sir, whether you have ever heard of a game, which is justly entitled to the appellation of the *Magic of Music*?"

"Never," replied the vicar; "nor can I imagine either the nature, or objects of such a game."

"Its object is to display the power of music as an expressive language; the manner in which I propose to exemplify it, I will, with your permission, explain in a very few words. The musical performer shall place herself at the harp, or piano-forte, surrounded by the party who are desirous of witnessing the pastime; the person to be operated upon must retire from the apartment, until the service which, under the direction of the music, is determined he shall perform, is duly agreed upon and arranged. Such person is then to be re-admitted; not a word, look, or gesture, is to escape from any one present; by the expression of the music alone is he to receive his instructions, and, unless I am much deceived, you will find that this is amply sufficient for the purpose."

"My dear madam, the thing is utterly impossible," exclaimed the vicar. "It cannot be done; unless, indeed, you really possess the secret of the ancient *modos*," which were not even known to Melomachus, the learned commentator upon the Greek musician Alypius; nay, Isaac Vossius himself, the expounder of rhythm, were he now alive, would never credit it."

"Are you willing to make the experiment?" said Miss Villers; "if so, be so kind as to leave the room for a few minutes."

The vicar accordingly prepared to depart, casting at the same time, upon his fair companion, a look which sufficiently expressed the scepticism he felt upon the occasion.

"But you have not told me," said he, "by what signal I am to return, and submit to the proposed ordeal."

"The music will inform you, if you pay sufficient attention to its language," replied Miss Villers.

The door having been carefully closed, the company were consulted, in a whisper, as to the service they should require the vicar to perform. "I should propose," said Miss Villers, "that Mr. Twardleton be directed to take a rose out of a basket of flowers on the chimney-piece, and having smelt it, to carry it to the heap, and place it on its pillar; after this, I propose that he should strike the strings, and then lead Fanny out of the room."

"And do you propose to express all these different movements by the aid of music?" If he succeeded, there must be an end to the vicar's scepticism," observed Mr. Seymour.

"If I fail upon this occasion, it will be the first time," said Miss Villers; "but you must all promise to be silent, and to maintain the most absolute command over your countenances."

Miss Villers seated herself at the piano-forte, and played off an elegant and sparkling overture, which so delighted Mrs. Seymour that she involuntarily exclaimed, "If music can be made to speak an intelligible language, it must be under the guidance of Miss Villers."

"Hush," cried the performer, in a half whisper; "I am now about to summon the vicar into the room."

She accordingly, with exquisite taste and address, introduced the air of '*Open the door, Lord Gregory*,' into which she infused so much expression that the vicar must have been as dull as Midas had he not instantly have caught its meaning. Nor were the lady's hopes disappointed. Mr. Twardleton entered, and appeared as if anxious to address the performer; but an intelligible glance from Mr. Seymour recalled him to his duty, and hermetically sealed his lips. His intention had been, doubtless, to inquire whether his appearance were seasonable; but the question was anticipated by Miss Villers, who immediately on his entrance struck up the air of '*See the conquering Hero comes*,' which, at once, satisfied his doubts, and conveyed, in language not to be misunderstood, the sanction of the enchantress, to whose spells he had so unreservedly entrusted himself.

The vicar had been told that he was to perform certain acts on his re-admission into the room; but, thought he, how am I to discover the thread which is to guide me through so perplexing a maze? I can discover at this moment nothing but a concord of sweet sounds, that would rather dispose me to listen in profound repose, than to enter upon any service of exertion. Miss Villers saw and guessed the nature of his embarrassment, and changing the melody, struck into the air of '*Harken, and I will tell thee how*.' She then, by a succession of well selected chords, which were now played '*piano*,' and now '*forte*,' convinced the vicar that she commanded an instrument fully capable of readily and forcibly expressing encouragement and repulse in all its degrees.

"Thus much is certain," mentally ejaculated the vicar, "that she is enabled, by the aid of music, to signify her approbation, or disapprobation, at any act which I may attempt to perform. I accordingly predicate of this said music, that it is, *bona fide*, a logical weapon; in as much as it can affirm and deny. If, therefore, only remains for me, knowing as I do that I have some act to perform, to ascertain the '*locus*,' or '*ubi*,' for the act in question whatever it may be, must of necessity be done or accomplished in '*proprio loco*,' or in some definite part of the room." With determination, founded, as he believed it to be, on the unerring basis of Aristotelian logic he advanced towards the table; but the loud and discordant sounds of his instrument, at once convinced him that, however correct his notions might be with reference to the '*substance* or first '*predicament*,' they were evidently erroneous as to the '*accidents*,' of time, 'place,' and 'relation'; at least, such were the ideas that floated through the categorical organ of his cranium; and he accordingly faced about and made a retreat towards the window; but the notes now became still more clamorous, and increased in vehemence. Ay, ay, thought he, it is quite evident that I am receding from the theatre of action; and with this conviction he diverted his steps into a different direction, and in a slow pace, tracked the path by his ear, with as much sagacity as a dog follows his prey by his nose. As he approached the fire-place, the storm of sounds gradually subsided, until a peaceful murmur breathed around, which finally died away as the vicar placed his hand upon the chimney-piece. So then it appears, after all, that I have some service to perform at the fire-side. It is doubtless, to sit down, thought he, as he espied the elbow-chair, which, at that moment, appeared to his fancy as if stretching forth its hospitable arms to receive him; but scarcely had he answered the imaginary invitation of his old friend, by presenting the nether part of his person to its luxurious lap of down, than a sudden *sforzato* or crash in the minor key, made him rebound upon his legs, as nimbly as though the cushion had been a bed of thorns. Miss Villers now resolved the discord, and dextrously dashed into an allegro movement, in which she introduced the air of '*How sweet are the flowers that grow*.' The vicar's face mantled with a smile, as the bouquet on the chimney-piece met his eye, and harmonised with the sounds that floated in his ear. It is evident, thought he, that those flowers are the object of my pursuit,—but what was he to do with them? The musician solved the question, by tastefully exchanging the former air for that of '*Ask if yon damask rose be sweet*.' No sooner had these notes delivered their melodious errand to the subtle ear of the vicar than he instantly seized the rose, and carried it in triumph to his olfactory organs; at the same moment the music ceased. The pause, however, was but of short duration; for Miss Villers, by resuming her labours, intimated that some farther service was expected. Was he to return the rose? Certainly not; for the attempt was marked by strong disapprobation. Was he to take it out of the room? The music put a decided negative upon that movement; for the vicar had scarcely measured half the distance of the apartment before the air of '*Fly not yet*,' arrested his steps. By a continuation of the same varying style of expression, and strongly marked rhythm, the vicar was shortly led to affix the rose upon the harp; and he was further directed to strike the chords of that instrument, by the happy introduction of the air of '*Gently touch the warbling lyre*;' and he concluded the whole of this curious exhibition as it had been previously determined, by leading Fanny out of the room, which he performed, without any hesitation, the moment the fair musician played Dibdin's popular air of '*Say Fanny tell thou go with me*.' [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Self Improvement.

The Mechanics' Association of Boston, have been listening to some very interesting lectures from G. W. Light. The Mercantile Journal says that some of his positions were bold and somewhat severe. The following is a very brief sketch of his principles:

He maintained that no man could be a true Republican, except in proportion as he cultivated the talents his Maker had given him, and made use of the advantages afforded by his country for acquiring a good political education. No man who did not believe such an education practicable with the industrious classes, could consistently believe in the utility of a republican form of government; and consequently all who do not favor universal political education, are practical enemies of our free institutions. Every man who neglects his own improvement, is thereby promoting general despotism in the best way in his power, besides allowing himself to be a political slave.

The same is true in regard to Protestantism. No man can neglect the improvement of his mind, without practically admitting that he needs an earthly governor in his spiritual affairs. He can with a poor face claim the right to judge for himself in religious concerns, while he is neglecting that mental cultivation which can alone fit him for the proper exercise of this right. Just in proportion as he neglects to educate himself in religion, he allows himself to be a religious slave.

No man can be a Mechanic, in the best sense of the word, only in proportion as he understands the scientific principles on which his trade is founded. So far as he works under the mere direction of others, he is a machine, and not a mechanic. If it is impossible for him to learn the sciences of his trade, then it is impossible for him to be a mechanic; he can be little more than a mechanical quack—a drudge. To be deserving of the honorable name of Mechanic, he must first know how to work the machinery of his own mind.

They may practice what they learn by tradition in a mechanical way, but they are the mere creatures of tradition. They do only what they have seen done; not what they are capable of doing.

An understanding of Agricultural science is necessary to thorough farming education, for the same reason that a knowledge of anatomy and physiology is necessary to the education of a Physician. The cultivator of the soil who merely follows blindly the direction of others, differs but little from his plough—as to his labor—except in the fact that, instead of being forced along, he submits voluntarily to his task, and plods on without any body to hold him.

Neither can a man be a merchant, except in a very inferior sense, without a well disciplined mind and a good understanding of the principles of trade—which principles require as much intellect to understand them thoroughly, as the principles of law.

If he succeeds in acquiring property, it will be at the expense of losing the man in the shopkeeper. The selfish and persevering pettifogger may make money in the business of law; but the distance is immense between him and the lawyer who is master of the principles of his profession. But this distance is no greater than that between the mere shopkeeper and the merchant who possesses a rich storehouse of intellect.

These principles were necessarily involved in the establishment of our government; and it now remains for the people to carry them out. It is true that the practical operation of such principles will work important changes

in society; but we shall never be a truly free people until they are carried out. It is the noble mission of this country to show to the world that it is possible for the great mass of mankind to be as celebrated for moral and intellectual cultivation as for their physical power. [Gardner Ledger.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

There was considerable excitement in this village on Sunday evening and Monday morning last, in consequence of a rumor that the ship *Harvard*, which recently sailed from Bath for New Orleans, had been lost at sea, together with all on board. There is no truth in the report, or at least nothing has or could be received in so short a time as to warrant it. There were quite a number of passengers from this and the adjoining towns in the vessel. The rumor was started, we presume, by some evil minded person for the purpose of injuring the feelings of some who had friends on board.

WHAT 'RE 'BOUT, MATTHEWS?—How came you to copy our article about the Wayne fire without giving us credit? You've stole our fire and the Cultivator's thunder. You'll get along row, your young blade, you.

Dreadful Shipwreck.—Loss of a Scottish ship—*and* eighteen lives.—Extract of a letter from WILSON GODFREY, Esq., Commissioner of wrecks, dated Glasgow, 23d April, 1843.

MEARS, CASE & HOLDEN.—The barque *Caroline*, of Greenock, Scotland, 548 tons burden, 26 days from Grondra, bound to St. John, N. B. in ballast, was stranded in a very heavy S. E. gale on the night of the 21st inst, on Cranberry point, the eastern side of Prospect harbor, in this town, and eighteen out of twenty-two persons on board, were lost! The vessel is a total loss, the hull, masts, spars, sails and rigging are ground up in one solid mass together, among the rocks. The following are the names of the officers and crew, viz:

LOST.
John Crawford, Master.
Matthew Dangle, 1st officer.
David Pettyerow, 2d officer.
John Payne, Carpenter.
John Spindlow, Boatswain;
John Sinclair, Seaman;
Hugh Carl "
Charles Green "
Edward Wilson, Cook;
Williams Williams, Seaman;
Joseph Roberts "
David Griffiths "
John Nelson "
John Inmanul "
John Scott "
John Wilson "
Charles Steward, Apprentice;
John Jemison "
Those saved, are—
Frederick Smith, Seaman;
William Moore "
Francis Williamson "
George Williams, Steward.

An extra from the Bangor Gazette states that the four who were saved, report that the Capt., officers and crew, at the time of the disaster, were all drunk, and that they saved themselves by going into the topmast rigging, and swinging themselves ashore as the vessel was rolled by the surf. When discovered, one of them was found wedged in between two rocks, and it required the strength of several men to extricate him. [Eastern Argus.

Loss of the *James McCobb*.—Phippsburg, Maine, Nov. 2d, 1843. Brig *James McCobb*, Cushing, (late Batchelder) dead, from St. Thomas via Edgartown, went ashore on the easterly point of Pond Island, at 4 o'clock this morning, and is entirely lost. Crew saved. She was in ballast, and was owned by T. M. Reed of Phippsburg, and the late master. She is understood to be insured. [Eastern Argus.

Information Wanted. Thomas Jefferson Dutton, of Starks, Somerset Co., Me., left home in April, 1842, and went to the vicinity of Brunswick to get labor, and succeeded, as we are informed, and worked there during the following summer; left in the fall for the logging swamp. This was the last information (this but transient) his friends have had since a year ago last spring. Every inquiry has been made in relation to him, but all in vain. He has left a wife and three children which very much need his assistance, and which are extremely anxious to hear of him, whether dead or alive. They earnestly request those who can give any information concerning Mr. Dutton, to direct a letter to Wm. E. Folson, Esq. of Starks, Me. Said Dutton is about 37 years of age, about 5 feet 6 inches high, rather fleshy, of light complexion, black eyes and light hair. Whoever will give the desired information shall be suitably rewarded as it will relieve the anxiety of his friends. Newspapers in and out of the State, and also in Upper and Lower Canada, are requested to give the above an insertion.

Surprising theft by a woman.—The Barre (Mass.) Gazette, contains an account of a system of petty pilfering which has been carried on for three years past, from several dry goods stores in that town by a Mrs. Harriet Smith, wife of Mr. Josiah Smith.

The dry goods dealers had missed articles occasionally for several years, but not the least suspicion had fallen upon Mrs. Smith, until she was discovered putting several articles slyly into her muff. On being accused she confessed the theft. Her family were called upon to learn if she had taken other goods, and Mr. S. desired the inquirers to search the house and satisfy themselves. A large quantity of goods was found, and Mrs. S. on being pressed, acknowledged she had stolen from shops in the village, besides the articles discovered, and other things which she had sold to neighbors and relatives. The list taken down comprises silk dresses, laces, calicoes, chusans, de laines, and other articles of ladies' woolen and cotton dress goods, cambrics, silks, muffs, shoes, (20 pairs), hosiery, cardinals, shawls, and every other conceivable article of ladies' wearing apparel. The value amounted to several hundreds of dollars. Traces of many other articles have been discovered, and means are taking to bring the whole to light. She owns only such as are presently charged, although she confesses to have carried on a regular business of pilfering for three years!

Mrs. Smith is a native of Barre, and of a most respectable family. Her husband is one of the most respectable farmers, and they have two children, patterns of propriety. Mrs. S. is a member of a church, and by the whole community has been considered as a model to be held up for imitation as a wife, mother, friend and Christian. There is not a woman in the whole town who would have longer escaped suspicion. The development of such unmitigated and long continued dishonesty has cast an expression of gloom and surprise over the little community.

The Gazette adds, "the forgeries of William Goddard did not create a deeper sensation amongst us, than these developments, running as they do the reputation of one who has stood foremost among our fair, and blasting as it does the peace and happiness of a family that had often been looked upon with envy. When such things occur, well may the expression leap from the lips—'*whom can we trust*.'"

State Finance.—We obtain the annexed statement from the Belfast Journal. That paper may be presumed to speak, as to matter of fact, on the authority of the State Treasurer. Speaking of the sums receivable by this State from the General Government, under the Treaty, and the law for the reimbursement of our frontier expenses, it remarks:

"We understand that the sum received from the government by the Treasury is about \$423,000, and it is not expected that above \$150,000 more will be received. State stock to the amount of about \$60,

000 has been purchased at par, which of course reduces the principal of the debt to that amount. It would have been advantageous to the State, had the Treasurer been authorized to purchase the stock at a premium, but of course he has not done so, as the law of last winter gives him no such power. We fear that the \$17,000 distribution policy, if received even under a protest, will not be sufficient to make up deficiencies in the revenue of the year; unless the revenue of the land office is more than reasonably to be expected, the deficiency will be probably \$25,000. We trust that the money received from the General Government, will be faithfully applied to the extinguishment of the debt, and to no other purpose. The application of the bank tax to this object is perhaps desirable, as it will materially assist in reducing the debt, although there may be some objections to its diversion of it from the object to which it is now applied. The State debt should be extinguished as soon as possible, and the people will countenance only that wise economy which shall secure its reduction by an annual tax of at least \$200,000, and the application of all such additional means as may be afforded by retrenchment and economy in the State administration."

A Wolverine.—A curious animal, thought to be a Wolverine, was shot in Cape Elizabeth, a mile or two from Vaughan's Bridge, on Wednesday afternoon, by Wm. T. Vaughan, Esq. He was a young one and weighed 56 lbs. He had a monstrous head, and was an ugly looking customer. He has been stuffed and is ugly looking "mum" may be seen at O. L. Reynolds's store in this city. [E. Argus.

Mackerel Fishery.—We learn from the Gloucester Telegraph that the catch of mackerel by the fleet from Gloucester is about the same as last year, if not exceeding it. And the catch this year has averaged better quality and more No. 1s. The success is also better distributed among the vessels, and more equally divided than last year. The Grand Bank fishing vessels have all of them performed two fares, and taken together, have been employed profitably to the owners.

Wymen found guilty.—The Boston Daily Mail of Saturday says—We have just learned that the trial of Wm. Wymen, late President of the Phoenix Bank, has resulted in a verdict of guilty. The jury were out but a few minutes.

Fire in Readfield.—We learn that an extensive fire occurred in Readfield, on Wednesday evening last. The fire took place in a brick building occupied by C. L. Springer, as a tailor, the upper part occupied as two lawyers' offices. The flames went from them to the store formerly occupied by James Fillebrown, Esq., then easterly to a block of three wooden stores, unoccupied—all of which were consumed. [Age.

The District Court, adjourned term, rose on Saturday evening, after a session of two weeks. Benj. Shaw, Esq. of Frankfort, who had been indicted for a pretended embezzlement of the property of the Frankfort Bank, was honorably acquitted. I. C. McAllister was found guilty and committed; but his attorneys moved an arrest of judgment. He was permitted to give bail and go at large. The Brooks rioters were acquitted. [Belfast Signal.

Slave Insurance and loss of Lives.—A letter has been received in New York from Havana, dated Nov. 8th, which states that intelligence had reached that city, of a slave insurrection on several plantations near Matanzas. The writer adds that it had been suppressed after a loss of fifty lives. Several slaves hung themselves, and 62 were in custody.

An Acquittal.—The Richmond, (Indiana) Palladium says—The reader will probably recollect seeing an account of a young woman who killed her father, last Summer, in Rush county, in this State, while he was beating and choking his wife—the mother of the girl. Her name is Eliza Hubbard. The trial occupied several days, and the defence was put upon two grounds—the necessary defence of the mother, and mental derangement at the time. The name of the man who was killed was Philip Barger, who was notorious as drunken, wicked and profligate. The jury was out about an hour, when they returned a verdict of—not guilty."

Action for Malicious Prosecution.—A case of this kind was tried before the S. J. Court now in session in this city, in which the jury returned a verdict of \$350. The action was brought by Miss Blanchard of Marblehead, against John Lovett of Beverly, to recover damages for having procured a warrant and causing the plaintiff's house to be searched for stolen money, which was taken from the Salem Depot sometime last spring. [Salem Observer.

[This case grew out of some Mesmerie experiments. The lady declared the property was found in the lady's premises, and for this reason a search warrant was obtained.]

Important from Canada.—It was reported in Kingston on the 17th inst. that Sir Charles Metcalfe had resigned the government of the Canadas and will immediately return home. Severe indisposition is assigned as one cause for this step. It was also reported that the contractors reducing their pay to half a dollar a day, and stopping work on the locks. A few days since a fracas occurred between the Corkonians and Cannught men, in which several persons were severely beaten, one man so that he died and another is not expected to survive.

More trouble in Canada.—The St. Catharines Journal states that there is serious trouble among the Irish laborers along the line of the Welland canal. Large numbers of them are out of employment, in consequence of the contractors reducing their pay to half a dollar a day, and stopping work on the locks. A few days since a fracas occurred between the Corkonians and Cannught men, in which several persons were severely beaten, one man so that he died and another is not expected to survive.

Large Ox.—There was driven into this city on Wednesday last a large, fat, beautiful ox, raised by Doctor Burnham of Unity. The ox is five years old and weighs upon the hoof, two thousand three hundred and fifty pounds and girls eight feet and six inches.

The ox has been slaughtered by Mr. John Low and weighed as follows:

Four quarters, 771—hind quarters, 613—hide, 105—tallow, 105—total 1654.—[Whig.

Another Revolutionary Soldier gone.—Died, at Hanging Rock, Lancaster District, South Carolina, on the 25th ult. Mr. Francis P. Connel, in the 82d year of his age. Mr. C. was a native of Mecklenburg county, Va., and entered the service of his country at the age of 16. He served under Gen. Lafayette, who, in 1781, had been entrusted with the principal command in Virginia, and closely watched and impeded the operations of Lord Cornwallis, in that State. The deceased was also present and participated in the honors of the siege and capitulation of the British Army under Cornwallis at Yorktown, which may be justly regarded as the closing scene of the Revolution. He sustained throughout life, the character of an honest man and true patriot, and died on the spot rendered memorable in the revolutionary history of South Carolina, as the scene where the British received the first successful check after the disastrous fall of Charleston.

The collector of the customs at Boston is about to establish a night watch, to prevent the enormous frauds upon the revenue, occasioned by smuggling from vessels previous to their entry at the custom house, and before they are put in charge of the day inspectors.

The legislature of Tennessee has passed a bill to reduce the salaries of public officers, also to tax them according to the amount received.

President's Message.—The Postmaster-General intends forwarding the President's Message to New York by express. Congress meets on the fourth of December (Monday).

Extract oil or other grease.—Take some common magenta—not the calcined, but that which is made in small squares—scrape off a small portion, and rub it with your finger on the grease-spot. Let it rest half an hour, then brush it lightly off and rub on some more magenta. Repeat this several times till the grease disappears entirely. It is best to rub the magenta on the wrong side of the article.

Pratt's cure for a Yankee.—The editor of the Providence Journal knows a thing or two if not more. He tells this good one in his paper of Saturday. A lady was insulted in the street last Wednesday afternoon, by a fellow who threw his arms around her and attempted to kiss her. He was promptly arrested, and brought before Samuel Currier, Esq., justice of the peace, who sentenced him to three weeks' imprisonment. Several of such cases have occurred here and in New York. The courts generally get off on the plea of insanity, but they have a marvellous method in their madness. We never heard that one of them attempted to kiss an angry woman. In all the instances that we have known, they manifest a taste in their selection which would do credit to a connoisseur in the full possession of his reason.

Mr. A. Horace Haven, of Portsmouth, who died last week, has left \$3000 to Harvard College, for the purchase of books on mathematics and astronomy; \$2000 to the Portsmouth Athenaeum; \$1000 to the New Hampshire Bible Society; \$500 to the Portsmouth Seamen's Friend Society; \$500 to the South Parish Sunday School; and \$800 to the town of Portsmouth, the interest to be annually divided among the four scholars of either the public or private schools, who shall excel in certain specified studies.

Mr. Haven was 21 years old, and became of age before possession of his property but a few days before his death.

Melancholy Spectacle.—A father complained of an interesting looking girl, his daughter, in New York a day or two since, charging her with frequenting improper houses, and wished her to be sent to the penitentiary. The girl replied that her father had abandoned her mother and herself and taken up with another woman in Brooklyn. She said places where she could, but never acted improperly. She told a piteous story and wept bitterly. The magistrate came near committing the father rather than the child.

Married.

In North Yarmouth, Mr. James M. Bucknam to Miss Caroline P. Drinkwater.

In Skowhegan, Mr. John A. King to Miss Hannah Bowley.

In Westport, Capt. John McNear, of Wiscasset, to Miss Susan B. Greenleaf.

In Warrington, Mr. Peasly Plummer of Palermo, to Miss Mary Ann Clark.

In Burlington, Iowa, Samuel G. Finney of Baltimore, to Eunice P. Neal, of Charleston, Me.

Deaths.

In Bangor, Mr. Robert Dutton, aged 29 years 9 months.

In Glenburn, Mr. John R. Thurston, formerly of Exeter, N. H. aged 34 years.

In Belchertown, Mass. Mrs. Anna Morse, of her 100th year. She was the mother of 7 children, 4 of whom are living; 144 great-grandchildren, 113 of whom are living; 10 great-great-grandchildren, 9 of whom are living. Aaron Rhoades, 70, son of Mrs. Morse.

In Fryeburg, Henry B. Osgood, Esq. Counselor at Law, formerly of Portland, aged 30.

In Methuen, Mass. Mr. Philip H. McGuire, of Camden, aged 24.

In Camden, Mr. Benj. F. Chase, aged 25.

BRIGHTON MARKET.—Monday, Nov. 20, 1843. [Reported for the Boston Daily Advertiser, & Patriot.]

At market 3000 Beef Cattle, 1100 Stores, 3200 Sheep, and 1420 Swine.

Pigs.—Beef Cattle.—We quote a very small number extra at 4 1/2 to 5; first quality \$4 1/2 to 5; second quality \$3 50 to 4; third quality \$2 50 to 3 25.

Barrelling Cattle.—Mess 3 1/2 to 4; No. 1, 2 1/2 to 3; No. 2, 2 1/2 to 3.

Stores.—Two year old \$8 a 12; three year old \$11 a 17.

Sheep.—Small lots from 60c, 75c, 92c, 1 33 and 1 50. Wethers from 1 25 to 2 00.

Swine.—Good lots to peddle at 4c for Sows, and 5c for Barrows. Ohio Slices 3 1/4 to 3 1/2 for Sows, and 4 1/4 to 5 1/2 for Barrows. Old Hogs from 3 to 4c. At retail from 4 1/2 to 6c.

CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE, or, Select Miscellany of European Literature and Art.

THIS Periodical has already acquired the enviable reputation of being the most complete and spirited Magazine of the kind ever published in this country. The frequency of its publication enables the publisher to furnish it in the cream of the Foreign Literature, in advance of all competition. As for instance, the number published on the first of each month, is composed principally of articles selected from the Foreign Reviews and Magazines of the preceding month, and that issued on the 15th of the month, can be in the hands of the reader of the semi-monthly in possession of the "choice articles" of the Foreign Press, several weeks in advance of a monthly competitor.

IN THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT, whether it lays no pretensions to originality in the frothy trash of the day, it is the aim of the publisher to furnish to its readers the best articles from the first minds of Europe, in the several departments of Criticism, History, Biography, Voyages, Travels, &c. from the pen of such men as Wilson, Bragham, Macaulay, Lockhart, Sterling, Landon, Hood, &c.

To add to its attraction, each number will be embellished with one of STANLEY'S SPLENDID MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS, done in the best style of that finished artist, thus affording every year

TWENTY-FOUR of those beautiful engravings, while other magazines are trumpeting to the world their THREE or FOUR, by the same artist, as a chief inducement for subscribing.

THE VERY LOW PRICE at which the Magazine is offered, can be best appreciated, when it is remembered that

THREE SPLENDID VOLUMES, containing each nearly SIX HUNDRED imperial octavo pages, executed in the most finished typographical style of any magazine in the country, the text embellished with numerous illustrations, and each volume ornamented with EIGHT of Sartin's Unequalled Engravings, which are given every year, furnishing for five dollars an amount of reading matter, exclusive of the engravings, worth of themselves more than the cost of the work, which cannot be procured from the original sources for less than

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Included in the Engravings will be found the portraits of the most distinguished men in the World of Letters, Science, and Arts, thus forming a

PORTRAIT GALLERY of the highest order of excellence, done in the most finished style of art, and worthy of preservation in any library.

To Postmasters and others.—The acknowledged merit and rapidly growing popularity of Campbell's Magazine considered, the publisher believes that from the following liberal terms, thousands will be induced to subscribe.

Five copies for \$20; single copies \$5 a year, in advance; single numbers, 25c.

Editors inserting this advertisement, and sending a copy of the paper containing it to this office, will be entitled to a copy of the work for one year.

JAMES M. CAMPBELL,
98 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

A CARD.

BROTHER HOLMES.—Permit me, through your paper, to return my sincere thanks to the citizens of Wayne, and vicinity generally, for their kind attention during my protracted sickness, from which I have not as yet fully recovered, and especially would I say to the ladies of Wayne, Livermore, Fayette, and Leeds, accept of my best love, and warmest gratitude, for the tokens of interest, and regard, so repeatedly manifested in donations of oranges, lemons, preserves of various kinds, jellies, tarts, pies, cheese, and elegantly stamped butter, at the very thought of which, the mouth of an epicure would open with a convalescent, was showered upon them, and should disease lay its withering hand upon them, may they never be wanting in attentions so gratifying, or friends as kind.

I would also take this opportunity to express my thanks to Dr. Megquier for his assiduous attention, and valuable medical services.

Wayne, Nov. 27th 1843. N. H. CARY.

House for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale the House he now lives in. There is attached to the house a wood shed, Barn and something short of two acres of excellent land, with a small orchard, principally fruit. Said property will be sold at a great bargain. For further particulars enquire of

WILLIAM NOYES.
Winthrop, Nov. 23, 1843.

NOTICE is hereby given, that JOSEPH S. BISHOP, late of Winthrop, now of Wayne, in the County of Kennebec, Saddle, has made an assignment of his property to me, the subscriber, in trust for the creditors of the said Bishop. And all persons, who are indebted to the said Bishop, and those who are indebted to the said Bishop, on the Book of Bishop & Quimby, are requested to make payment to the subscriber without much delay.

ALEX. BELCHER.
Winthrop, Nov. 21, 1843.

E. H. Stevens, PAINTER, GLAZIER, AND PAPER HANGER.

WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Winthrop and vicinity that he continues to occupy the shop in Winthrop Village nearly opposite the Washington House, where he may at all times be found ready to attend to either the above or any other business.

P. S. The above keeps constantly on hand and for sale m'd paint of all colors ready for use. Also, for sale, a few first rate Sleighs.

A. B. LINCOLN & CO. MANUFACTURERS OF BARNABY'S MOORE'S Patent Double Mould-Board, Side Hill and Level Land Plough.

Hardware and Cutlery; Iron, Steel and Glass; Sheet Lead and Lead Pipe; Cut and Wrought Nails, Horse Nails, Tacks and Brads; Japanned and Brass Topped Dogs; Brass Fire Sets, Whips, Brushes, Glue, &c.

One Door North of Post Office, AUGUSTA, Maine.

A. B. LINCOLN, JAMES PENDLETON

Thrashing Machine!

THE subscriber would inform the farming community and public in general, that he continues to manufacture his Thrashing Machines of various kinds. He would also tender his sincere thanks for their liberal and still increasing patronage for the last eight years. His improved railway horse power, for simplicity, durability and despatch, is unequalled by any one. He has also thrashers of different sizes, and separators of the first quality and second to none in use, and the only separator now in use within his knowledge whose title is unimpaired. All of which he has on hand and will warrant them to be made of first rate materials and to give entire satisfaction.

He has also invented a new, simple and cheap machine for separating the straw and light chaff from the grain and the grain to fall and to complete the cleaning with a common fanning mill. This machine will not require much extra power and will receive the grain and straw as fast as the common thrasher and save raking off the straw, which all who use the common thrasher find to be very hard work. This machine will be free of patent right as well as his other machines.

Those who are in want of thrashing machines will do well to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

LUTHER WHITMAN.
Winthrop, July 18, 1843.

Cisterns—Cellar Bottoms, &c.

THE Subscriber would inform the public that he builds Cisterns on the most approved plan. These cisterns have been much approved by those who have had them built. They can be built in cellars any time of the year. The water, if a cleanser is attached, will be sweet and pure for drinking or cooking. My price is as follows:

For a Cistern holding 20 hogsheads I have a dollar and ten cents per hogshead, I find one hundred for one holding less than 20 hogsheads I have one dollar and twenty-five cents per hogshead. The proprietor finds the brick, and it will take about 100 bricks to a hogshead of 100 gallons.

Those who wish for further information respecting the use and durability of these Cisterns are referred to S. P. Benson Esq., Capt. S. Benjamin and others in Winthrop Village. C. C. Bailey and Mr. Raymond of Bath. John Meigs, Esq., Wm. Hunt, Esq., Silas Leonard, Esq. and others of Augusta. He also lays out Cellar Bottoms in cement, which are well proved. Price 50 cents per square yard. Any one desirous of obtaining a foundation of pure, soft water, or a dry and rat proof cellar bottom, may apply to G. A. BLAKE of Augusta, and it shall be done at short notice.

Augusta, Nov. 1843. 46

Iron and Steel.

STANLEY & CLARK have for sale English and Swedish Iron and Steel, all sizes. Sweden, German, and American Cast Iron, Nail plate, U. S. N. D. N. and Spike rods. Nails all sizes from 3d to 60d.

Groceries.

YOUNG Hyson and Bohea Teas, British and White Havana Sugars—Loaf do, Raisins, Spices, Molasses, Coffee and Fish, at

STANLEY & CLARK.

Washingtonian Vegetable Pills.

Invented and prepared by Elisha Wood, Winthrop. A VEGETABLE ALTERNATIVE PILLS has long been a desideratum, and the inventor of the Washingtonian Pill confidently announces to those of his fellow beings who are suffering from Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, habitual constiveness, or any of the complicated diseases which arise from inactive or Torpid Liver, Derangement of the Chyliferous circulation, Impurity of the Blood, Scrophulous, and distemper of the Glands, Skin, or the Absorbent System, that he has prepared a simple and safe remedy which he recommends to them, after an experience in their use of nearly thirty years.

He first prepared them for his own private use, being afflicted with several attacks of Rheumatism, and cured by a general state of the system. He has had the satisfaction of being restored to health by them, and now finds himself by their means as instruments in the hands of Providence, in good health at the advanced age of seventy-four years.

Many hundreds have experienced the salutary action of these Pills, and many cannot live without them. Their efficacy is acute as well as chronic rheumatism has been experienced, and in almost innumerable cases.

DIRECTIONS. Take them at night on going to bed. It is desired merely to relax the bowels take half a one, and increase the dose to five according as you wish to produce more or less cathartic action.

The above Pills are for sale at the Maine Farmer Office. Price 25 cents.

Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs, Medicines and Groceries.

THE subscriber would give notice that they have taken the store recently occupied by Ezra Whitman Jr., where they will keep on hand a good assortment of Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs and Medicines. Among which are

White Lead, ground and Liquefied Paste	Corrosive Sublimite
Red Lead	Camelion
Litharge	Turkey Opium
Venetian Red	Ipecac
Paris White	Jalap
Spanish Brown	Alexandria Senna
Ocher	Lobelia
Vermillion	Turkey Opium
Linseed Oil	Peruvian Bark
Spirits of Turpentine	Quinine
Sulphur	Morphine
Gamboge	Iodine
Mastic	Iodide of Potash
Cambrage	Strychnine
Almond Oil	Gum
Castor Oil	Balatum
Olive Oil	Balsam Capivi
Oil Peppermint	Burgundy Pitch
Oil Anise	Salt of Soda
Oil of Cammon	Salts of Ammonia
Oil Sassafras	Chloride of Lime
Bergamot	Phosphorus
Lavender	Essence of Lead
Camwood	Essence of Arsenic
Logwood	Oxide of Bismuth
Redwood	Metallic Tin
Fustic	" Bismuth
Madder	Gum Arabic
Indigo	Annatto
Copperas	Myrrh
Blue Vitriol	Gum Gaiac
Ammonia	Sulphur
Alum	Sulphuric Acid
Oil Vitriol	Nitric Acid
Muriatic Acid	Refined Borax
Nitric Acid	Nitre
Flux Sulphur	Flux Tartar
Flux Sassafras	Tartaric Acid
Liquorice Root	Liquorice Root

These, with many more, have been selected with great care at one of the first establishments in Boston, and are confidently recommended as being of first quality. They have also on hand a large assortment of CHEMICAL and PHARMACEUTICAL preparations, manufactured with the utmost care and attention at their establishment, which they will sell at wholesale or retail to suit purchasers. They also keep for sale a good supply of

Groceries,

Such as	Raisins
Tea	Almonds
Coffee	Chicnuts
Sugar	Castanias
Rice	Filberts
Salt (coarse and fine)	Apples
Saleratus	Chalk
Peppermint	Whiting
Pepper	Glass
Allspice	Resin
GINGER	Tar
Vinegar	Turpentine, &c. &c.

Please call and examine for yourselves.

HOLMES, BRIGHAM & CO.—(Cheap side) nearly opposite the Washingtonian House, Winthrop. 1843

Grimes' Smut Machines.

THE subscriber continues the manufacture of these Machines, at the Machine Shop of I. G. JOHNSON, in Augusta. He has sold, within the last twelve months, one hundred, *all of which have given perfect satisfaction.* Persons desirous of testing the utility and power of these Machines may take them on trial, and return them if dissatisfied.

A correspondent of the Age Speaks of these Machines as follows:—

"Mr. Editor:—Among the 'thousand and one' machines offered for sale at the present day, there is one to which my attention has been called; it is *no humbug*; I allude to 'Grimes' Patent Smut Machine.' Having one of these Machines in my own mill, I speak advisedly, when I say, that if properly set up, it is a *perfect cure for smutty grain.* It combines in itself three of the most important qualities for any machine, namely, simplicity of construction, durability of material, and compactness of form. One of these Machines is now in operation at Mr. Bridge's grist mill, in Augusta, where gentlemen interested would do well to call, and satisfy themselves by personal inspection of the above facts. So thinks a *MECHANIC.*" Apply to I. G. JOHNSON, ALLEN LAMARCK, or the subscriber.

HOMER WEBSTER. 2711

MAY 4, 1843.

Miss Leslie's Magazine, OR THE HOME BOOK OF LITERATURE.

Fashion and Domestic Economy.

THIS splendid monthly periodical is universally admitted to be the most deserving of patronage of any which have been issued from the American Press. In literary merit it is conceded to be equal to those of the highest pretensions, while, in point of embellishment it far surpasses any of its competitors. Though commenced only in January last, its circulation is already greater than that of any similar magazine, and it is constantly and rapidly increasing.

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Pitts' Improvements in Thrashing Machinery.

The public are respectfully informed that the subscriber still continues his arrangement with Benjamin & Davis, at Winthrop, Maine, to manufacture and sell Pitts' Machine for thrashing and cleaning grain. They have now on hand a prime lot made of the best materials and of superior workmanship which will be sold on reasonable terms, and warranted, as usual, to work well. In my absence, Samuel Benjamin of the firm of Benjamin & Davis, will act as my Agent for the sale of Patent rights for using said Machine.

I will also inform the public that Pitts' & Woodbury, continue to make and keep for sale, Pitts' Patent Horse Powers made in the best manner, permanent and durable—they are the only persons who have authority to manufacture and sell Pitts' Patent Horsepower in Winthrop, and the public are hereby cautioned against purchasing Pitts' Patent Horse Power at any other shop. The machines here referred to are so well known to the public that any formal recommendation of their superior merits is considered unnecessary as their practical operation by the Farmers and Mechanics in this and other States for more than seven years has established a reputation for real worth far above any other machinery of the kind ever offered to the American People.

HIRAM A. PITTS.
Winthrop, July 11, 1843. 28

Furs! Furs!!

BUFFALO Robes, good winter skins from \$21 to \$5. Fur Caps from \$1 to \$2.50. Coney and Genet skins for trimming Ladies' Cloaks, Muffs &c. for sale by

STANLEY & CLARK.

Syringes.

Large and small—breast pipes, nipple shells, spring lancets—phials—teats—dropping tubes and syringes, for sale by

HOLMES BRIGHAM & Co., Winthrop. 116

OWEN DEALY, Tailor,

WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Winthrop and neighboring towns that he still continues to carry on the above business at his shop in Winthrop, where all customers can be suited at short notice. All garments made perfect, and fits of the latest style warranted.

New York and Boston fashions just received.
Winthrop, Oct. 23, 1843.

FALL and WINTER GOODS.

A new and full supply of fall and winter goods have been received by STANLEY & CLARK, which they now offer for sale at reasonably low prices, consisting in part of Beaver and Broad Cloths, fine and cheap. Cassimeres—Dressings, Ribbed &c.—Satinets, Velveteen, a fancy article of printed Velvets, just the thing for children's dresses—as also, Linseys—Plaid &c. for the same purpose.

Ladies' Cloaks and Bresses.

Alepine, Alpaca, figured and plain—Striped Lunette, Merino and Saxony Cloth, M. D. Laine, plain and figured—Cashmere, a variety of

Aspionage, High-Land and other Shawls of different sizes, texture and price—Scarves and Foulards—M. de Laine and Silk—Silk and Cotton Adk's for pocket or neck.

CALICOES.

A full and choice selection, to which we invite examination.

Cotton Cloth.

Sheatings as usual, large assortment different qualities and prices, Striped Shirtings, Factory Checks, Tickings, Drillings, Crash and Diaper, Table Covers, figured Cotton and brown Damask Linen, do. Cambrics, Ginghams and furniture, &c.

Flannels.

White, Green, Yellow and Red Flannel—Camlets Brown and Black, do. Gent's Buck Gloves and Mittens, ladies' Woolen Gloves and Mitts.

A full assortment of Tailor's Trimmings.

Worsted Mufflers, Combs, Velvets and Fur Caps, Buffalo Robes, &c. &c., which will be sold for cash at low prices.

STANLEY & CLARK.
Winthrop, 1843. 43

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA, FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

NAMELY:

Scrophula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obsolete Cancers, Eruptions, Pimples, or Puslules on the Face, Blisters, Biles, Chronic Sores, Erysipelas, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Neck and Joints, Stomach Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Scalds, or Lumbago, and diseases arising from an impure state of Mercury, Acities, or Dropsy, exposure or imprudence in life.

This preparation is a combination heretofore unknown in the history of medicine, differing entirely in its character and operations from the various preparations of Sarsaparilla which have been at different times offered to the public. It acts specifically upon the whole system, thereby bringing it under its direct and controlling effects, yet it is entirely harmless, so that it cannot injure the most delicate constitution. When in perfect health no effect is produced by its use except an increase of appetite; but when disease is seated in the frame, and hurrying fast its victims along the path of life, then its mysterious influence is felt, and it kindles new life and vigor, and brings health and strength back to the suffering and diseased.

For further particulars, and complete evidence of its superiority and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of agents gratis.

Prepared and sold by A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists and Chemists, Granite Buildings, 273 Broadway, corner of Chambers street, New York. For sale by Druggists throughout the U. S. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles \$5.

Sold also by STANLEY & CLARK, Winthrop; J. E. LADD, Augusta; S. PAGE & Co., Hallowell—Agents for the preparation by special appointment.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly relieving the various diseases of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

Sept. 1843. 37

Miss Leslie's Magazine, OR THE HOME BOOK OF LITERATURE.

Fashion and Domestic Economy.

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HOLMES BRIGHAM & Co., Winthrop. 116

A great chance for a farm.

THE subscriber being advanced in years, and wishing to retire from business, offers for sale the farm on which he lives, in Monmouth. Said farm contains about 99 acres of excellent land, well divided into tillage pasture and mowing. It is well watered and has a good supply of pine and hemlock timber upon it. It is well supplied with living water in the driest season, and a never-failing good water at the house. The buildings are in good repair, and consist of a barn, barn, cider house and mill, and other outbuildings.

There are few farms so conveniently situated as this, it being one mile from Monmouth Academy, where is a flourishing school all the time, and within a mile and a half of three several grist and other mills. A meeting-house within a half mile, and it is fourteen miles from the Hallowell and Augusta markets, it is in the midst of a good neighborhood.

The whole will be sold on reasonable terms. A part of the purchase money will be wanted down, and the remainder may be paid by regular instalments, on good security. Any body wishing one of the best farms in Kennebec had better call and examine it.

ABRAHAM MORRILL.
Winthrop, Sept. 20, 1843. 38

SAMUEL O. PRINE Fashionable TAILOR,

Main Street—Winthrop.

To Publishers of Papers throughout the United States and British North America.

The Publisher of the following works respectfully requests of newspaper proprietors, that they will copy the following advertisement, and where it is convenient and practicable, act as Agents in receiving subscriptions, or appointing some friend as a substitute in their neighborhood.

Newspaper publishers and proprietors in all our principal villages and towns, will do well to advertise the work conspicuously—act as Agents—and receive subscriptions for the same at their respective offices.

SEARS' POPULAR PICTORIAL WORKS.

The most splendidly illustrated volumes for families ever issued on the American continent, containing more than two thousand beautiful engravings, designed and executed by the most eminent artists of England and America. Published and sold by Sears & Walker, Nos. 114 Fulton and 122 Nassau Street, New York city.

Just published, (a six dollar book published and sold at three dollars.)

The Christian's Gift for 1844.

The most splendidly illustrated work on Bible History ever offered to the American public, embellished with several hundred new and fine engravings—the whole work (two volumes in one) making seven hundred large and clearly printed octavo pages, elegantly bound in gilt, and lettered, in the most finished style of modern book making. Price only three dollars being the cheapest work ever issued in the world! The publishers respectfully request clergymen, teachers of Sabbath Schools, heads of families and bookellers, to examine his new, cheap, and splendidly illustrated work. The character and contents of this volume are better defined by its expressive title.

Sears' New and Complete History of the Holy Bible.

As contained in the Old and New Testaments, from the Creation of the world to the full establishment of Christianity. Containing a clear and complete account of every remarkable transaction recorded in the sacred Scriptures during a period of upwards of four thousand years. With copious Notes, critical and explanatory, forming an illustrated commentary on the sacred text. Part 1. The Old Testament History. Part 2. The New Testament History. By Robert Sears, aided by the writings of four most celebrated biblical scholars, and other learned persons, who have made the Scriptures their study. Two volumes in one.

* * * Commentaries, lexicons, original travelers, and Biblical critics of the greatest name, have been extensively and carefully consulted in preparing this work. The editor trusts it will be found worthy of the patronage of Christian Pastors, instructors, and of the friends of the Bible, and well calculated to aid the Christian in his efforts to enlighten the understanding, purify the heart, and promote that knowledge by which we may obtain happiness in this world, and eternal salvation in that which is to come.

The following is from the United States Literary Advertiser.

"The most splendid Gift Book of the season, and the cheapest and most useful work ever issued on either side of the Atlantic, is *Sears' New and Complete History of the Bible*, deduced from the labors of the most renowned biblical scholars of old countries, incorporated with numerous original and curious embellishments, engraved by the first artists—has just made its appearance. This work proves not only an elegant, but a most interesting and valuable volume, and is certainly no pains or cost have been spared to render it such; and when it is remembered that it is the production of the well known editor of the 'Bible Biography' and other pictorial works, which have such an extraordinary popularity, we feel assured that the most sanguine expectations of the Christian public will be fully realized. From what we have seen of it, we predict this work will be pronounced at once the most useful and splendid of all Mr. Sears' pictorial publications. Literature, profane and sacred, has been combined, with the aid of several hundred elegant engravings, to produce a clear and complete history of the Bible, and the most interesting and useful of all family books of the very best order; while we consider it also as one of the most cheapest ever presented to American patronage. Of the descriptive and explanatory letter press, it is enough to say that it is a masterpiece of the pen, and the treasures

POETRY.

For the Farmer and Advocate. EXPRESSION.

Thou art the one peerless gem in beauty's crown,
Which rivals't all the accessions of art,
Thou hast a magic power, bright gem, we own,
Acting alike on the mind and the heart.

No form of feature compares with thy charm;
No form of complexion enhances thy power;
But the proudest of earths own thy sovereign palm;
And the adamant heart flows in mildness o'er.

THE STRANGER'S EXPRESSION.

Stranger, I met thee once, and thou wast alone;
Kneeling devoutly o'er that sacred shrine
As if praying. Methought some angel like tone
On mine ear was stealing—Thine sweet voice was thine.

Just when those dark eyes turned with kindness on me,
And lent their expression, from heaven descended;
My sorrowful heart turned with fondness to thee,
I viewed thee with love and reverence blended.

Thou eyes are the types of a sentient mind;
Thou art worthy of love; I was not deceived—
And though thine advances I promptly declined,
'Twas etiquette prompted; society's fiend.

But say, should blind stratagem decide our fate?
Or stifle acknowledged impressions of a heart;
Should not reason teach honor to yield her state
And bow, e'er the destined ones forever part.

I'll not be a thorn in thy pathway here,
To mar the best blessings of love's honored boon,
May happiness crown thee, and devotion's flower
Ever flourish around thy domestic home.

Wintrop. VALE. * * *

STANZAS.

[Selected for the Northern Light, from the writings of the late Cicero Loveridge.]

Oh! who shall smooth my icy brow,
And sunken eyelids gently close?
There are but few who love me now—
Will even one, remain of those,
To note the unregarded grave,
Where I must soon or late repose;
In burning tears its sod to lave,
Or plant with trembling hand the rose?

It is a thought to lie to bliss
The fears that tie the tomb beneath,
That we shall feel the faltering kiss,
And warm affection's deep drawn breath,
Steel softly o'er our dying cheek,
And hear the parting vow that saith,
In accents, tremulous and weak,
A soul shall cling to us in death.

Is there a heart so cold and dead
On earth, that would not wildly leap,
To know, that o'er its grassy bed,
The form it loves will bending weep,
And when all others have forgot,
Its silent vigils still shall keep,
Upon that clearest spot,
And watch above a "dreamless sleep."

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then mind our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness—RETURNED.

When day hath departed,
And Memory keeps
Her watch, broken hearts,
Where all she loved sleeps!
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trials prevail not
Against those ye love!

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
Oh, be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Young Traders.

BY SEBA SMITH.
THE ORIGINAL "JACK DOWNING."
(Concluded.)

At the dreaded first day of January arrived, and Williams called again upon M—. He appealed at once to his generosity, told him he had not been able to raise the money, and was entirely in his power; but if he could come to any agreement to allow him six months more time, he believed he should be able to take up the note. M— replied, that circumstances had occurred within a few days that would render it necessary for him to keep the farm, and therefore, he could not do any thing about it.

"Is that your final decision?" said Williams, with a sad and desponding look.

"Yes," M— coolly replied.

"But you are not going to take my farm from me," said Williams, "for that seven hundred dollars?"

"No, I have it already," said M—; "the farm is mine; the deed is in my name, and the only question is, whether I shall sell it to you for seven hundred dollars. And I have concluded not to do it; so the matter is ended."

"Well, if it must be so," said Williams, "perhaps you will rent the farm to me on reasonable terms, and allow me to live there and carry it on."

"You are to late," said M—; "I have rented it already."

"Is it possible?" said Williams. "At least you will allow me to keep my family there till spring, that I may have a little time to look round for business and another house?"

"I shall not be able to," said M—; "for I have let it to a friend who has suffered by the fire, and who has concluded to move into the country."

"And how soon shall I be compelled to leave it?" said Williams.

"Oh, I don't wish to be hard with you," said M—; "you may have a week to move. My friend wanted to take possession immediately, but I'll get him to put it off a week. But you must be sure and get out by the end of the week, for he will be up there with his family and will take immediate possession."

Williams left the office without saying another word. His last hope had departed, which was that he might rent the farm, and be able to live on it, in case he should lose

the possession of it. He wandered about town for an hour or two, racked with the most painful and heart-sickening emotions. But after a while his feelings had passed their crisis, and he became more calm. After revolving a hundred projects he came at last to the conclusion to remove his family at once to New York, and trust to Providence for what might follow. It was possible that out of the affairs of the insurance company he might get a little something towards the insurance on his store; and at any rate, industry and perseverance would be likely to find some employment or business in New York, if it was to be found any where in the world.

Having made up his mind to do this he determined to engage apartments before he left the city, that he might move his family into them immediately on his return, and not be subjected to a bill of expense at the hotel. He spent almost a day in what is called, in New York, "house hunting." But the rents were so very high that he almost became discouraged at his undertaking. He had but fifty dollars left, with which to move, pay rent, and go to housekeeping. He determined therefore to take a couple of rooms at the lowest possible rent; but after a long search he could find nothing comfortable short of a hundred and fifty dollars a year. This was more than he was willing to venture, and at last he took up with a couple of very poor chambers in Canal street, at a hundred dollars; and as they required a quarter's rent in advance, he was obliged to pay over one half of the money to his landlord to begin with.

With the other twenty-five dollars in his pocket he went home; and without attempting to describe the scene which followed, it must suffice to say, that in three days' time, having sold a few articles to their neighbors, giving away a few more, and packed up the remainder, they started for New York.

When they had reached their journey's end, and unloaded their little cargo, and stored it away in their chambers, the shades of night began to gather around them. The chambers looked dark, and gloomy, and uncomfortable, and in every thing so unlike the pleasant home they had left, that for once Mrs. Williams' eyes were filled with tears. She, however, soon summoned her resolution again, and assumed her accustomed cheerfulness; for she had resolved to abide her fortune, whatever it might be, with patience and cheerful resignation.

Having arranged their little household, Mr. Williams the next day began to look about the city to see whether he could meet with an opening for business or employment. Want of success the first day, and the second, and the third, did not discourage him, or check his perseverance. He continued his rambles early and late, in all parts of the city, becoming acquainted with its localities, and seeking for employment. Mrs. Williams did her own house-work, in which, however, she was greatly assisted by Thomas; and in addition to this, she in the course of two or three days called at a neighboring shop, that employed seamstresses, and took home some sewing-work, for which she was to receive a moderate compensation.

Mr. Williams not succeeding for two or three weeks in getting business, and his money being nearly gone, he sold his horse for thirty dollars, which was less than half his value; but he needed the money, and besides, the keeping of him was a heavy and unnecessary tax. At last he obtained a stand in the Clinton market, for the sale of country produce, which, tho' the profits were small, he considered better than nothing, as it would in part, at least, supply them with provisions.

Thomas, in the mean time, was by no means idle. He was a noble spirited boy, and nobly did he put forth his energies to bring comfort to his parents, and help retrieve their fortunes. Every day, as soon as he had done what he could to assist his mother in the more laborious part of her domestic affairs, he too went abroad in search of employment. But there had been so many clerks and boys thrown out of employment by the great fire, that it was more difficult than usual to obtain a situation, and Thomas made hundreds of applications, without the least success. At length, however, in his rambles about the streets, he made some acquaintance with two or three new boys, whom he frequently met, and of whom he had often inquired if they knew of any chance for a boy to get work. In his conversation with these boys, and in watching their movements, he learned something about the nature of their business. He found that they purchased their papers at the offices at a quarter and a third discount from the retail prices, and that most of them did a pretty fair business, especially if they were active and industrious, and that some of them might be said to make good wages.

He resolved to try his fortune for a while as a newsboy; and accordingly he procured a supply of papers and entered into the business with spirit. He was genteel in his appearance, and attractive in his manners, which induced many to purchase of him when they could meet with him, in preference to the other boys. Thus it was not long before he began to do a pretty fair business; and as he extended his acquaintance about the city, and came to understand all the crooks and turns of the trade, his profits equalled the most successful boys in the same line of business, and were in fact found to be considerably more, every week, than his father could make at his stand in the market.

It being ascertained, after awhile, that the united earnings of the three were more than enough, in their economical mode of living, for their weekly support, it was arranged that Thomas, after paying a dollar and a half a week for his board, should deposit the rest of his earnings in the Savings Bank. This he did regularly every week, sometimes depositing a dollar or a dollar and a half, sometimes two dollars, and in some instances, when the news of the week was more than usually interesting, the sum was as large as three dollars.

Things went on in this way several months; and though they did not by any means live so pleasantly and happily as they did at the cottage in the country, still when they found they were getting an honest and comfortable living, though they had to work very hard for it, they were patient and tolerably contented, and as they became more and more accustomed to their new condition, they not only resolved to make the best of it, but persuaded themselves that it was not, after all, very irksome. At last, one warm day in June, in the afternoon, Thomas was walking slowly along the shady side of William street,

near the old church at the corner of William and Fulton streets, when a gentleman stopped him to purchase a paper. As the gentleman was hunting for the change to pay for the paper, Thomas was suddenly startled by the sound of a soft, pleasant voice, crying strawberries. The sound broke upon his ear like the most delightful music he ever heard. It thrilled through his very soul; for it seemed to him it could be none other than the voice of Margaret Allen. He turned in the direction of the voice, and he saw a young female form gliding across William and up Ann street. Her side was towards him, and her face was concealed by her sun-bonnet, so he could not see her features, but she was about the size of Margaret, and it was Margaret's free elastic step. She had a strawberry-basket in her hand, and just as she disappeared from his view that thrilling sound came once more to his ear. He could not be mistaken, it must be Margaret. He felt almost as though he should fly. The gentleman had not received his paper, and would not till he had got the change ready, or Thomas would not have waited for the change.—But he was embarrassed, and did not care to run and leave the gentleman till he had taken his paper. As soon as that matter was accomplished, however, he started and ran to the corner of Ann street, but the girl was out of sight. He ran up Ann street till he came to Nassau, and looked each way, but could see nothing of her. He hastened through Nassau towards the Park, till he came out at Beekman street, and still his pursuit was in vain. After that he spent nearly an hour wandering round block after block in that part of the city, but could not get a glimpse of her again, nor did he again hear the sound of that voice.

He went home at night disappointed and heavy-hearted. His mother perceived that something was the matter, and asked him if he was not well.—When he told her the incident he had met with, and how disappointed he felt, she told him she had no doubt he was borrowing trouble for nothing, for she had no idea it was Margaret. It was probably some girl of her size, and whose voice sounded like hers, but there was not the least probability that Margaret was in the city. When Mr. Williams came in, he was of the same opinion. He did not think it at all likely that Margaret was in the city. All they could say, however, could not persuade Thomas that he had not seen Margaret Allen.

For a whole week to come, Thomas watched every strawberry-girl he saw at a distance, to ascertain if it might not be Margaret, and every time he heard strawberries, cried, he was quick to catch the sound, but the tones of Margaret did not fall upon his ear. He often found himself lingering near the old church in William street, and listening, and calling up at least in imagination the sweet tones of that voice that sunk so deep into his heart. He was firmly impressed with the belief that Margaret was in the city, though how to go to work to find her, he knew not. In a week or two after this, Mr. Williams had occasion to go up the river to see about some produce for market; and he visited the place of their former abode, that is to say, the neighborhood, for he could not bear to go to the cottage and see it occupied by strangers; and he inquired about Dr. Allen and his family, and learnt that the doctor had died of typhus fever in the winter, about a month after Mr. Williams had left the place; that his property was sold to pay his debts, for which it was hardly sufficient, and that Margaret was gone to New York to live with an aunt, but in what part of the city he could not learn. Of course the impression of Thomas, on Mr. Williams' return, was amply confirmed. Margaret was really in the city, and Thomas had faith to believe that it would not be long before he should come across her.

With this feeling he went earnestly to his task every morning, and left it unwillingly each night; and his receipts at the end of the week were less than they had been for many weeks before, the deficiency must be attributed to his taking many new routes which he had not before been accustomed to take, and ranging through the suburbs and all sections of the city. On the second week after his father's return, Thomas was passing one day through Hudson street, when he heard again the well known sound of Margaret's voice. He turned hastily and met Margaret face to face. She started suddenly when she saw him, and her blood rose at one bound as though it would burst through her cheeks. And then she began to grow a little pale, and then she burst into tears. Thomas took her by the hand, and led her to the steps of the house at the southeast corner of Beech and Hudson streets, where they sat down for half an hour, to learn each other's history since they had been separated. Margaret informed him that after the death of her father, and the disposal of his property, she had no home and no friends to go to, except her aunt in New York. She accordingly got on board of a steamboat, when they began to run in the spring, and came down to New York, and after some difficulty, succeeded in finding her aunt, who kept a fruit-shop on Greenwich street near the Washington Market.

Margaret found her aunt in humble circumstances, but kindly disposed. She had one daughter, about Margaret's age, who was at home and unable to do anything but stay in the shop and wait upon customers; and she had two smaller children. She had hard work to support her little family, but nevertheless, when Margaret came, she told her she would not see her brother's child want for a home; she would stay with her and they would do the best they could. As Margaret was not needed to tend the shop, she soon hit upon the expedient of carrying out fruit to sell about the city. In a couple of months she understood the business so well, and performed it so successfully, that her aunt said she earned more than enough to pay her board, and after taking out a fair equivalent for that she scrupulously laid by the remainder for Margaret's future use.

When Thomas and Margaret had interchanged the leading points of their history, he accompanied her down Greenwich street to the shop of her aunt, so as to learn her place of abode, and after he had completed his route for the day, he called for her to go and spend the evening at his father's in Canal street.—The whole family were exceedingly gratified to receive a visit from Margaret, and from that time she became a constant visitor again at the house of Mr. Williams, calling two or three times a week, and sometimes dropping in a few minutes almost

every day in the week; and though everything was so changed from what it used to be at the cottage, yet with the addition of her company the family group was cheerful, and in a good degree happy.

Without the occurrence of any important incident, or any material change in their fortunes, they continued in the same routine of their several occupations through the following year. Margaret during the pleasant part of the year, carried round her little basket of fruits, varying according to the season; and now it so happened that she and Thomas would meet while on their accustomed rounds almost every day. Soon learning the usual course of each other's routes, and in what part of the city they were in the habit of going at certain hours of the day they would come out together at some corner or some square, almost as it were by instinct. And it was their custom once a day when they met to exchange a portion of their commodities, that is, Thomas would give her one of his papers to read, and take home to her aunt; and she would urge upon him to take a taste of her fruit, whatever it might be.

During the second year of their residence in New York, Mr. Williams' prospects became more cloudy again, and his heart more sad. His business in the city had never been very successful and his profits had been very small, so that this summer they had often been obliged to draw an additional dollar a week from Thomas' little funds, to make the family comfortable. But the worst of it was, that his constant toil, and care, and anxiety, had made fearful inroads upon his health; so that he was now scarcely able to attend to any business, and his physician told him, unless he gave his constitution a chance to rally by some material change, such as a sea-voyage, or a long journey, he would soon sink so low as to be past recovery. This, together with a report he had heard, that a cousin of his, who had gone out to Texas a year or two before, had died there leaving considerable property which might probably be obtained by his relatives looking after it induced him to take a voyage to that country. Accordingly, making the best preparation he could for the comfort of his family during his absence, he sailed in November for Texas, not expecting to return again before the next Spring.

The next Spring, came, and passed into Summer, for the leafy month of June had come round and still Mr. Williams had not returned. They had heard from him occasionally by letter, and the last news that came, a few weeks before, was that his health was a little improved, and that he should probably be at home by the last of June, but without having been able to obtain a dollar of the property which he had hoped to recover.

It was something past the middle of June, and a warm day, that Thomas was passing up Broadway, near St. Paul's Church, in the neighborhood of the Astor House, when he sat down upon the steps on the shady side of the street to rest. He had a presentiment that Margaret was somewhere in the vicinity, and that he should not have to wait there long without seeing her. And so it turned out; for it was but a few minutes before she came along, with her quiet gentle air, and sat her basket of fresh strawberries down by his side and asked him to help himself. Thomas, as usual, handed her his best morning paper, which she opened to read a few minutes as she stood in the shade of the buildings, first throwing back her sun-bonnet from her head, which exposed to view her beautiful hair, smoothly parted on her forehead, and brought down in flowing ringlets about her neck.

Almost the first thing that met her eyes, as she opened the paper, was the words, in small capital letters, THE WILLIAMS' COTTAGE.

"Mercy, Thomas' what's this about the Williams' cottage?" said Margaret; "the Williams' cottage at—town on the Hudson?"

Thomas, who was just transferring the strawberries from the basket to his light summer hat, raised his eyes and listened.

"What is it, Margaret?" said Thomas, earnestly; "do read it."

Margaret glanced her eyes at the bottom of the article, which contained the words, and then at the top, and she perceived they were in the middle of an advertisement, headed "Sheriff's Sale;" and she read, "Taken in execution, and to be sold at public auction on Thursday next, at twelve o'clock, at No.—Fulton street, the following described property, real and personal."

Then followed a long schedule of stores, and houses, and lots in the city and some in Brooklyn, and some in the country, and a large amount of personal property.

"Then old M—," that I have heard my father tell so much about, I said Thomas, has failed at last, and the cottage is to go to somebody else.—Thursday; well, that's to-day, isn't it? And twelve o'clock; well, it's half-past eleven now," he continued, glancing up at the clock on St. Paul's Church. "I have a good mind to go to the auction, and see who buys the cottage."

"Well, I would," said Margaret, "I would certainly go and see what becomes of the dear old place."

"I will," said Thomas; and he started up, and asking Margaret to take what papers he had left and leave them at her aunt's shop till he called for them, he turned down Fulton street.

It was true that Mr. —'s large property, on account of debts and misdeeds, which it is not necessary here to describe, had all gone to the winds. But true to his character for cunning and fraud, he had contrived a plan as he thought, for saving a nice little slice to himself without much expense. For this purpose he bribed the auctioneer to aid him in buying in the Williams' cottage and farm for a mere song, and then he would retire into the country, with other crumbs that he had secreted from the wreck, and live at his ease. It would not appear so well or be so safe for him to be at the sale himself. So the plan was to send his nephew to make the purchase, and then receive the deed in his own name, which name however he had omitted to give to the auctioneer.

His nephew was a lad of fifteen or sixteen years old, and would not be likely to be known to any body at the sale. The auctioneer was to manage to have the bid commence at a very low sum; the nephew was to bid up to two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars, and the auctioneer was to strike it off to him and give him the deed, receiving the money at the same time. This nephew had been with his uncle some two or three years, and had learned his uncle's tactics and

manner of doing business so thoroughly, that instead of going to the sale with the three hundred dollars in his pocket to pay for the deed he stepped on board the steamboat, crossed the ferry to Jersey city, and took the cars to Baltimore, where he immediately took passage for Texas.

Thomas arrived at the auction-room before the sale commenced, and got himself in a convenient situation to see both auctioneer and purchaser. The city property generally sold at fair auction prices for the bidders underdusted its value. But when the Williams' cottage in—town, up the river, was put up nobody seemed to know any thing about it. They waited for the auctioneer to give some description of it.

"We don't guarantee any thing about this piece of property," said the auctioneer; "it is said to contain twenty-five or thirty acres, such as it is, and has something on it that used to be called a cottage.—Come, who bids who will give one hundred to begin with?" No answer. "Who will give one hundred?" "I will," said an old farmer-like looking man in a brown coat and straw hat.

"One hundred dollars," said the auctioneer "going for one hundred dollars; who bids more?"

Thomas was amazed; he had no idea the first bid would be less than a thousand dollars and thought it would fetch at auction from two to three thousand. He had about two hundred dollars of his earnings deposited in the Savings Bank, and he suddenly resolved to hazard a bid.

"Going for one hundred dollars," said the auctioneer; "who bids more?" "A hundred and twenty-five," said Thomas.

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars," said the auctioneer, "will any body give more than one hundred and twenty-five dollars? Quick or it's gone."

"A hundred and fifty," said the man in the brown coat.

"Going for one hundred and fifty; who gives more?" said the auctioneer.

"Two hundred and twenty-five," said Thomas. "Going for two hundred and twenty-five dollars, going, and gone!" said the auctioneer bringing his hammer down with a whack upon the table.

"Two hundred and fifty," said the man in the brown coat.

"You are too late, sir," said the auctioneer. "Young man it is yours for two hundred and twenty-five. What's the name?" "Thomas Williams," said Thomas, trembling with emotion.

At the close of the sale, the auctioneer remarked that the deeds of the real estate were all made out with the exception of inserting the names of the purchasers, and that they were ready now to receive the money and hand over the paper.—Thomas immediately hastened to the Bank, hardly daring to believe his own senses, and drew out his two hundred dollars. He then went to Margaret and told her what he had done, and wanted to borrow her fifty dollars. She flew like a bird to get it, and was so overjoyed she could scarcely speak. Thomas returned to the auction-room; counted out his money, and received his deed. The auctioneer then, being a little at leisure, had a few words of conversation with him.

"Well, that affair went off very well, said he; 'I guess you didn't expect to get it quite so low, did you?'"

"No, I had not the least expectation of it," said Thomas.

"It requires some skill to manage these things," said the auctioneer. "Well, young gentleman, are you going to live on the farm with your uncle?"

"No, not with my uncle," said Thomas, "I intend to live on it with my father."

"With your father?" said the auctioneer; "I thought it was your uncle."

"No," said Thomas, "I haven't any uncle living."

"But isn't that your uncle, the gentleman who used to own it?" said the auctioneer.

"No, it is my father that used to own it," said Thomas.

"Ah, I understand," said the auctioneer, as some one came in to attend to other business, and Thomas withdrew.

"Then he is M—'s son," said the auctioneer to himself, as he pondered the subject over afterwards; and he made him take the name of Williams, because he was afraid to have the deed in his own name, I suppose. But the old dog might have saved himself one lie, for there was no need of his deceiving me about the boy."

Towards night, when the auctioneer had got nearly through his business, and was just going to shut up, old M— came puffing and blowing into his office.

"Why, my boy hasn't got home yet," said he, with an eager look around the room.

"How long has he been gone?"

"Oh, more than two hours," said the auctioneer, "it is strange he is not home yet."

"Did you complete the business with him?" said M—.

"Yes, got through with it nicely," said the auctioneer.

"For how much?" inquired M—.

"Two hundred and twenty-five," said the man of the hammer.

"Good," said M—.

"So he is your son instead of your nephew," said the auctioneer, giving him a wink.

"My son, no, he isn't, he is my nephew," said M—.

"But he told me he was your son," said the auctioneer.

"Well, then the rascal lied," said M—.

"But is his name really Thomas Williams?" asked the auctioneer.

"Thomas Williams no," said M—; "his name is Reuben M—."

"Well, he took the deed in the name of Thomas Williams, at any rate," said the auctioneer.

"Is it possible?" said M—, "then there is some mystery or roguery about the business somewhere."

Then the auctioneer described the boy that bought the farm and took the deed, and he was found to differ very essentially from M—'s boy. And when M— described his boy, the auctioneer said no such boy had been in the office that day.

"Well, here's a pretty kettle of fish," said M—, "ripping out a few hard oaths."

"How shall we find this boy that's got the deed? We must have it back from him somehow or other, for he's obtained it through fraudulent means; and I think it's been purchased with my money."

"I'm sure I don't know where to look for him," said the auctioneer.

At last a boy came along that had been in the office part of the time during the sale, and they asked him if he noticed the boy that bought the cottage, and could tell them where he lived. He had noticed the boy, and had seen him a good many times selling papers in the streets, but he did not know where he lived.

Here was a clue: he was a newsboy, and perhaps they could trace him. After hunting up several of the newsboys, and making diligent inquiry, they traced him at last, about sunset, to his home in Canal street. Here M— and the auctioneer called for and were shown up stairs, where they found Mrs. Williams, and Thomas, and Margaret, sitting together and rejoicing over the event of the day.

"They first asked Thomas where Reuben M. was. He did not know. He had not seen him, and did not know such a person. They then told Thomas that there was some mistake about the purchase he had made, and he must give up the deed and take his money again. Thomas said he had had the deed examined by a person who understood all about it, and he said every thing was all right."

"But it is not all right," said the auctioneer "there's a great mistake about it; said Mr.—here, on whose account it was sold, if you don't give up the deed, will carry it to court, and make fraud out of it."

"I'll run the risk of that," said Thomas. "It was sold like all the rest of the property, and I bought it and paid for it fairly, and don't see what mistake there can be about it."

"But, young man," said M—, "in a very authoritative tone 'you would not be a knave, would you? Do you dare to take my farm from me, which is worth at least three thousand dollars, for the trifling sum of two hundred and twenty-five dollars?'"

"Well, sir," said Thomas, putting on a dignity quite above his years, "I have heard my father tell too often how you bought the farm of him, not to understand what is my duty to do now. I am not going to take the farm from you for two hundred and twenty-five dollars, for it is already mine; the deed is in my name, and the only question is, whether I shall sell it to you for two hundred and twenty-five; and I have concluded not to do it."

M— coloured and choked, but he could not say a word, for he remembered he had given precisely the same answer to Mr. Williams, when the latter implored for a little longer time to redeem his farm. Seeing there was no chance of securing the boy out of it they withdrew, and concluded to keep the affair still and say nothing about it.

In three days after this, Mrs. Williams and Thomas had their little affairs closed up, and their furniture and movables packed and on board a steamboat, to go up the river. Margaret also had taken leave of her aunt, and embarked with them. It would be in vain to attempt to describe the feelings of the little group as they approached the landing at—town, and their neat cottage, with its sloping garden, and the piazza, and the green grape vines, or the thrill of delight they felt as they stepped ashore, and walked up to the corner, and down the lane, and took possession once more of that old sweet home.

Towards the close of the following week, Mr. Williams arrived in New York, with health somewhat improved, but still rather feeble. He repaired immediately to the old place in Canal street, and ran up into the chambers, where he expected to meet his family; and finding them entirely empty, his heart began to sink within him, for he feared some new calamity had overtaken them. But presently the woman in the lower part of the house called to him, and told him his folks had moved away up the river again, and left word for him, when he should get home to come right up to the cottage as soon as he could. At first the intelligence almost overpowered him; he could in no way account for this strange and unlooked for change. With mingled emotions of wonder and delight, he hastened to the river, and took the first boat he could find to carry him to the cottage.

It must be left to the imagination to depict the scene of joy, when the whole fondly group met once more around the hearth-stone of their quiet cottage, and to describe the years of comfort and happy tranquility which followed. Out of regard, however, to that class of readers who take a special interest in all affairs of the heart, one item more should be added to this narrative, which is, that some of the New York papers, in the spring of 1842, contained the following announcement, viz: Married, at—, on the Hudson, on Sunday morning, last, by the Rev. Mr. W—, Mr. Thomas Williams to Miss Margaret Allen.

Standard Periodical for Youth.

A new volume of Robert Merry's Museum, Edited by S. G. GOODRICH, Author of Peter Parley's Tales. Commencing January, 1844.

THE publishers of this very popular magazine for Youth being anxious to be more fully entitled to the success which has attended their efforts, would announce to their patrons that they intend to make the forthcoming volume far more interesting than any of its predecessors. The Editorial department will still be under the management of S. G. GOODRICH, Esq., the highly popular author of Peter Parley's Tales, whose name as one of the most fascinating writers for youth is too extensively diffused to need further comment. A variety of new and pleasing articles are now ready and will appear in this volume, not inferior in interest, to the "Travels of Thomas Trotter," "The Siberian Tale Hunters," "Story of Philip Bruesque," "Adventures of Robert Merry," and others which have been featured in the preceding volumes. Every article will be thoroughly digested before it is admitted to this work, and great care will be taken that it shall not contain any thing inconsistent with morality and virtue. Commencing in January, we shall also introduce a piece of Music in every number. We have also in progress a variety of new and striking Engravings, designed by Mr. H. Billings, for this work exclusively. In short, the publishers are determined to make this magazine as good as talent, care, attention and liberal expense can make it, and they respectfully ask ALL Mr. Robert Merry's friends to give their kind support and encouragement. The terms of the Museum will continue as before, viz:—One dollar per annum, in advance.

In order, however, to give all an opportunity to peruse Mr. Merry's work, the publishers propose to make the following **Great inducements to Clubs.** For \$3 we will send 4 copies of the Museum 1 year.

" 5 "	" 7 "	" 1 "
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